

Children's Newspaper

The C.N. Way Round Wembley
What to See and How to See It

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE GREATEST SIGHT IN THE WORLD



SHEPHERD BOY'S GREAT FAME

HOW HE FOUND IT

The Little Wood-Carver of the Mountains of Serbia

Sculptures of Ivan Mestrovic

In New Bond Street, London, at number 148, there is an exhibition of sculpture by one of the world's great artists. This is the story of his life.

Not many years ago among the Dalmatian mountains a little Serbian boy kept a flock of sheep or goats. He came from a little village with fifty or sixty people in it, most of them winning their bread with the plough or the spade. But this boy's father had skill with his mallet and chisel, and loved to build and carve doorways, or engrave a monument for a grave; and he it was who first taught his son to carve letters in stone.

The old stories of his people were told to him by his grandfather during the long winter evenings—stories of how his forefathers had fought against their cruel foes the Turks; and how they had died like heroes at the battle of Kossovo; and the boy, with these stories in his mind and a chisel in his hand, used to carve stones on the mountains as he rested with his sheep. By and by the shelves at home were covered with his carvings.

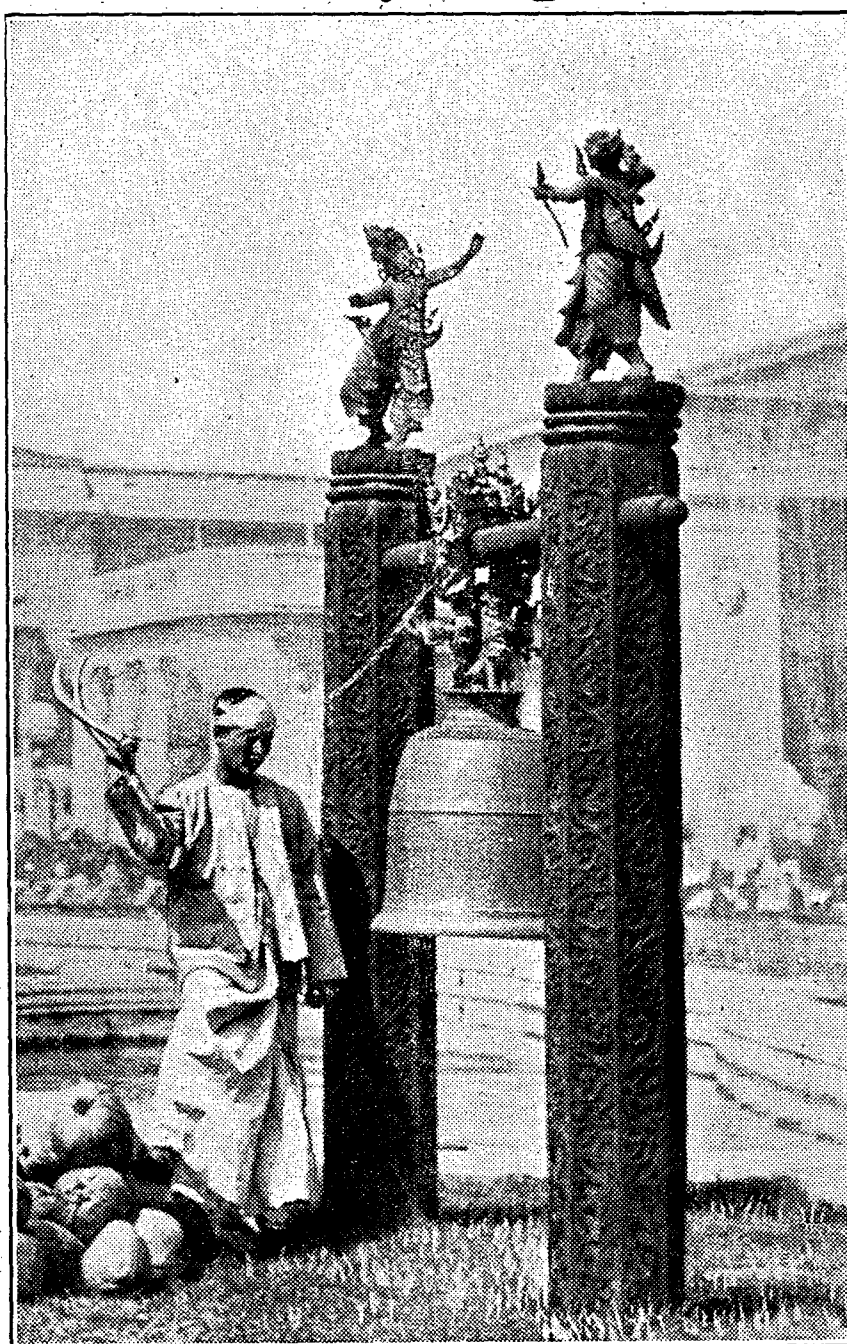
Ivan's father taught him to read. It was a great-uncle of his who had brought reading and writing into the village; he had learned to read and write while he was in prison, for a Serbian patriot in those days had to run the risk of prison for his country's sake.

One day there came to the village an uncle of Ivan, who had seen the world. He told the boy of other lands where there were wonderful churches, and monuments to kings of old. He told him also that there were people in the world, greatly honoured, who earned their living by carving in wood and stone.

But, Ivan was still a shepherd-boy, the son of poor parents; and, though there were dreams in his heart, he was far away from the great cities and the world in which artists have their fame. His desire to work his dreams in stone was never stronger than on the day when his father took him to see the great cathedral looking over the sea at Shibenik.

His father did his best for the boy, using his savings to place him with a master mason at Spalato, in Dalmatia. There, in a few months, he became the right hand of his master. But others had their eye on the gifted peasant lad. A retired captain had come to Ivan's village, and had taken an interest in the boy. One day he arrived at the mason's workshop in Spalato with an elderly gentleman from Vienna, who promised to send Ivan to school in that city, and so it came to pass that the boy

Wembley's Big Ben



One of the most picturesque exhibits in the Wembley Exhibition is the big bell in the Burmese section. It is not rung like an English bell, but is struck on the outside, as shown here

who had been minding sheep on the mountains found himself in Vienna.

How he had to fight his way (for the old gentleman did not fulfil all he had promised to do), how some of the professors were slow to see his power, and how he slowly won his fame, there is no need to tell here. It is enough to say that, though still young, he has won a place among the great artists of the world. It needed courage and grit as well as native talent for the shepherd-boy on the mountains to win his way to immortality.

He was a Serbian; then the war came to bring him sorrow of heart, for he loved his country. In that hour he turned to the wonderful story of Jesus, and out of wood he carved a figure of the Saviour on the Cross. This was

shown in London in those terrible days of the war; and it told all who saw it what this lover of Serbia was thinking.

He carves in wood and in marble, but it is his wood-work that is most wonderful. He can scarcely remember when he first carved wood, and somehow he seems to make wood do all that he tells it to do.

There was a brave Scots woman doctor who offered her life during the war in the service of Serbia, and he has among his works the bust of Elsie Inglis, which he must have loved to do. Some day among the stories of Serbia they will sing the noble deeds of Elsie Inglis, and they will know what she was like from the work of Mestrovic. He is only forty now. What wonderful things in wood and stone he may yet live to do!

THE MAN WHO PASSED BY

Tale of a Poor Fiddler

THE BROKEN MELODY IN A STREET OF BRISTOL

A great crowd of people was passing not long ago up and down one of the main streets of Bristol, people working and playing, intent on their own affairs, and hardly anybody seemed to notice the old fiddler on the kerbstone.

He was a pathetic sight, with his untidy hair, his worn-out hat and shoes, a safety pin doing duty for a stud, and a coat that had seen much better days.

And the fiddler's fiddle, too, had seen better days. Now and again a note came which reminded one as in a faint echo of a skill in music which had once held a large hall breathless. From these heights, by some unhappy fate, the old fiddler had come down and down.

The String Breaks

This thought must have been passing in the mind of a gentleman walking down the thronged street. A greater contrast between the two could scarcely have been imagined. The well-clothed man of success stood a little apart, watching the man whom failure had called her own. Thus it was that he was there when a pitiful thing happened. One of the fiddler's strings broke. He stood helpless, looking this way and that, and a crowd gathered round him.

There were plenty of people watching him who were ready to laugh at this last misfortune of all; but a beautiful thing happened and stopped them, made them ashamed and held them breathless, for the immaculately dressed gentleman quietly stepped forward, took a little case from his pocket, and from it lifted out a coiled fiddle string. He quietly took the violin, deftly fixed the new string, gave the instrument back to the old man, and slipped away.

An Angel's Song

To those who looked on it seemed that an angel's song, a song without words, had been sung. It had only taken two minutes, but it was one of those things that soften the human heart and make one believe all over again in the goodness and kindness of the world.

The old fiddler peered after his friend, but could see nothing of him. He brushed a tear from his eyes as he set his old fiddle back on his shoulder and began once more to play his simple tunes. He seemed scarcely to heed the pennies that came down into his box, for his mind was back in the long ago.

And that other unknown man, immaculately dressed? We can see him going to his comfortable quarters, a great musician himself, and we fancy that he remembered, amid the evening's gaiety, the old fiddler on the kerb, and said to himself more than once: *There, but for the grace of God, stood I.*

THE TRAGEDY IN MOROCCO

12 YEARS OF WAR AND NO END IN SIGHT

Spain's Struggle for the Last of Her Empire

BRIGAND AND REBEL AS GOVERNORS

There is deep tragedy in the renewal of the struggle between the Spaniards and the Rif tribes in Northern Morocco.

When General Primo de Rivero became Dictator at Madrid he declared that one of his objects was to bring the useless Moroccan campaign to an end. He has been ever since awaiting "a favourable opportunity" to do so.

But Abdel Krim, the Rif leader, has vowed to drive the Spanish out of Morocco, and refuses to give them an opportunity for a dignified withdrawal. The Spaniards, indeed, consider it impossible to leave Morocco altogether. Spain, they say, was given by the Powers a civilising mission in the northern part of the Sultan's dominions, as France was in the southern part.

Spain is willing to be content with the areas round Melilla in the east and Ceuta and Tetuan in the west, and the southerly highlands between, leaving the Rif coast and the Rifians undisturbed, provided that they will acknowledge her formal trusteeship.

Descendant of Mohammed

Only a week or two ago it was announced that outside the occupied zone the tribes were to be "placed under the jurisdiction of certain chiefs, of whom the most important would be Raisuli on the west and Abdel Krim in the Rif."

Raisuli is the famous brigand chief, of the Moroccan Royal line, reputed to be a descendant of Mohammed himself, who in his time has fought his cousin the Sultan, the French, and the Spanish. A few months ago Spain proposed to nominate him as Khalifa of Northern Morocco as a whole, leaving him to secure the approval of Abdel Krim and his Rifians by diplomacy or by force.

That plan was defeated by the obstinacy of the Rifs. Hence the modified plan to make the former brigand Governor of the West and the present rebel Governor of the Coast. And now this proposal, too, has been defeated—or postponed—by a fresh Rif attack on the Spanish positions in the west, isolating several of their posts and even endangering the communications of their headquarters at Tetuan.

Last Bit of Empire

All thought of a settlement has been put aside at this fresh challenge. The honour of Spain is declared to be involved in defeating and punishing this new outbreak. The Spanish people have been solemnly called upon to support the Government and the army in this time of crisis.

No one can see the end of it all. The war has been going on for twelve years now. It has been terrible in its cruelty and determination on both sides, for the Spanish have as allies tribes who are at bitter enmity with the Rifs. Both give and take no quarter, and burn and massacre at every opportunity.

The war is intensely unpopular in Spain. The people feel little interest in Morocco, yet it is swallowing the flower of their youth and impoverishing them by its cost. If the present Dictator cannot end it, someone else is likely to be given a chance. It is a tragic business, this struggle of a nation to keep the last bit of its empire.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Emir	E-meer
Fakir	Fa-keer
Ganymede	Gan-e-meed
Johore	Jo-hor
Melilla	Ma-leel-yah
Shah Jehan	Shah Ye-hahn
Taj Mahal	Tahzh Mah-hahl
Tetuan	Tet-oo-ahn

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

7000 Athletes of All Nations

HATS OFF TO THE FINNS

When the Greek Olympic Games were held, and the contests for honours through athletics were founded, a peace was declared in all places where Greek influence extended, so that the champions of bodily fitness might travel safely to the scene of friendly strife.

Happily peace reigned over the world while 7000 athletes of all nations converged on Paris to the modern Olympic contests. And more than peace, even warm friendship has been conspicuous among the world's sportsmen while, with national ardour, they have striven to outdo each other.

This year's games have been conspicuous by the ceremonial dignity with which the contests were prefaced; by the number of broken records, when someone did something faster or farther or higher or more skilfully than ever it had been done before.

The Three Leading Nations

Of course, the United States achieved the largest number of successes. That was a foregone conclusion. The States have much the largest population, devoted to the greatest number of sports, and they train their most promising competitors for any time, at any cost, to gather up the international prizes. Great Britain sends in comparatively few competitors, to contest comparatively few events, and they are prepared for the tests in a comparatively casual way.

The most real honours, considering all the circumstances, were won by U.S.A., Finland, and Great Britain, Finland with its scanty population beating Great Britain. Such honours as have been won by Finland spread over all the small nations a sense of respect. They show that manhood knows no national boundaries. Hats off to Finland!

E. H. Liddell, the "flying Scotsman," who would not compete on a Sunday, brought off a most sensational win in the 400 metres race in the world's record time of 47 and three-fifths sec. He is a missionary's son and is himself training for work in the mission field.

AMERICA'S NEXT PRESIDENT

Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Davis? BITTER RIVALRIES IN THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP

The candidates for the Presidential Election in the United States next November have now been chosen, and people are busy estimating the chances of the party champions.

The Republicans chose the retiring President, Mr. Coolidge, almost as a matter of course. He had no serious rival, and the party has been so much discredited by the oil scandals, and by their barren legislative record, that they could not afford to throw away the prestige attaching to the man who lives at White House.

The Democrats, on the other hand, had too many candidates, and it took them over a fortnight to make their choice. The rules of the party require that the successful candidate should get two-thirds of the delegates' votes, and there were over a hundred ballots before this condition was fulfilled and Mr. J. W. Davis was chosen.

Mr. Davis is a very able man, well-known in England as American Ambassador here after Mr. Page. He has moderate Liberal views, whereas Mr. Coolidge ranks as a Conservative. But the fight between them is complicated by the breakaway of the Radical Republicans, who are running Senator La Follette, a stalwart old Radical of over seventy, who looks for support also from Radical Democrats.

There is also a fourth candidature put forward by the "Farmer's and Labour Party," but this is not taken seriously.

KENT WOMEN DO A FINE THING

A Pageant of History

EIGHT HUNDRED ACTORS IN SCENES OF KENT LIFE

On a glorious day of July sunshine, in one of the most charming valleys of Kent, a living panorama of the life of England for well-nigh 2000 years was unrolled. Rarely, if ever, can the long past of this happy land, this England, have been brought into more dramatic contrast with the bustling present, and nowhere could the scene have been so appropriately chosen as in Kent.

The stage was the grounds of Lullingstone Castle, the home of the Hart Dyke family, at Eynsford; the occasion was a historical pageant, organised and produced by the West Kent Federation of Women's Institutes, one of the newest and best of twentieth century movements; the object was to present living pictures of the life of Kent people ever since we have knowledge of what that life was like.

The unique features of this ambitious but entirely successful demonstration were that it was planned and carried out entirely by the Women's Institutes of Kent, and that only women took part. It was the women's movement of the present day basing itself on history, and 800 women had a personal share in a success which drew thousands of spectators.

Bridging the Centuries

Kent has been the cradle of England's historical infancy, and the valley of the Darent, in which Eynsford lies, has witnessed many of the stirring scenes of that long ago.

How completely the pageant bridged the centuries may be seen in a list of the scenes. The first showed a Druid sacrifice interrupted by the coming of the Romans. It was to Kent they first came. Then followed the landing of Hengist and Horsa, with their Saxon adventurers. The revival of Christianity by Augustine made a third scene.

As the national life broadened the scenes represented became more general: the ravages of the Black Death, the conscription of fighting men at the time of Agincourt, the local courts of government in the Middle Ages, a royal progress of Queen Elizabeth, the Civil War, a smuggling scene in the eighteenth century, the noble work of women in hospitals, factories, and on the land in the Great War, and, last, a procession of the famous women of all nations. All this, panorama of national history, and the women's share in it, was represented with dramatic power and grace.

THE BEES TAKE A TAXI

A Queer Country Scene

A curious choice by bees of a place for making their home when they swarmed comes from Reading.

A party had motored out in a taxi from Reading to Heckfield, a village about five miles away. They left the taxi for some time in the village, and when they rejoined it found that a swarm of bees had settled on it and made themselves at home there.

The bees could not be removed immediately, and the passengers declined to ride back to Reading with them. So the taxi was left in the village.

In the morning, when the taxi was sent for, the bees were comfortably at home in it, and were already making wax and bringing in honey. But the taxi so curiously tenanted was driven back to Reading.

There an experienced beekeeper was called in, and, after some difficulty in removing the upholstery of the taxi, succeeded in safely hiving the swarm, whose number he calculated at 20,000.

A GREAT ROAD JOKE

PEER'S CONFESSION IN PARLIAMENT

"Doing What They Like with the Streets of London"

THE OXFORD NAVVIES

There has lately been recalled in the House of Lords one of the greatest practical jokes of our time, or of Father's time, for it was twenty years ago.

To prove that "anybody could do what he liked with the streets of London" some Oxford students dressed up as navvies, set up a watchman's box in the City of London, and dug up a hundred yards of the road before anybody found them out.

The road scandal has ever since those days been growing worse, so that the same streets are constantly being broken up again and again, wasting the time of millions of people.

In a discussion on this chaos of the streets the other day Lord Montagu, one of the pioneers of road reform, confessed to a "crime" of twenty years ago, when he was one of the culprits in the Great Road Hoax. It happened 20 years ago, said he, and was the result of a discussion with some friends as to the ease with which any authority was able to dig up the roads. He told them that if anybody collected together a few poles, lamps, and pickaxes they could dig up any street in London.

The Road-Breakers Arrive

One of his friends suggested they should start on Bond Street or Piccadilly Circus, but he pointed out that that would cause a dislocation of traffic, so they decided on the corner of Throgmorton Street. They began to dig up the road there, and for six days nobody came near them. Then somebody came along from the City Surveyor's Department, and started making inquiries of all the authorities having power to dig up the streets. They all denied knowledge of the excavation, and for ten days this yawning gap remained in the road.

"I now confess to this crime after 20 years," added Lord Montagu. "I make a clean breast of the whole thing, hoping that the Statute of Limitations applies to it."

The C.N. hopes that no future peers among its readers will be tempted to prepare for such a confession twenty years hence; and it prints this story to call attention once more to the stupid lack of control over common highways.

CRUSOE FOR THREE WEEKS

With a Hundred Man Fridays

Here is a short but thrilling tale of the sea. A British schooner was taking a hundred Negro labourers to the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian Ocean, when she was wrecked on an uninhabited coral island.

No lives were lost, fresh water was found on the island, plenty of fish were caught, the schooner (though no longer seaworthy) was saved, and the British Crusoe with his hundred Man Fridays settled down to await a rescue.

After only three weeks the steamer Umzumbi was sighted by the castaways. The schooner captain, with a crew of Negroes, rowed out and stopped her.

The Umzumbi wirelessed the captain's story, and a rescue ship has gone to bring away the whole party.

All's well that ends well.

Mr. ROBERT APPLEGARTH

Mr. Robert Applegarth, one of the founders of Trades Unionism, has died in his 91st year. As a boy he saw the horrors of slavery at sea; as a man he was known as an ardent friend of peace and progress.

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The Children's Newspaper

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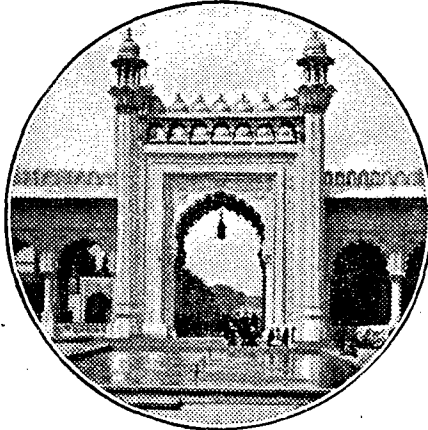
The Striking Sights that Millions See at Wembley



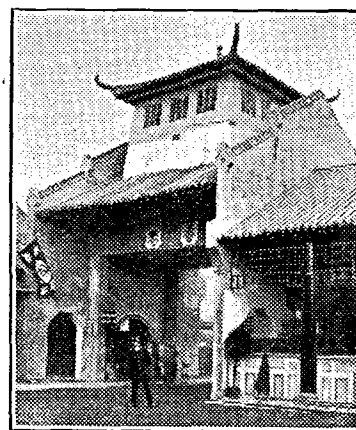
A Burmese Footballer



The British Guiana Pavilion



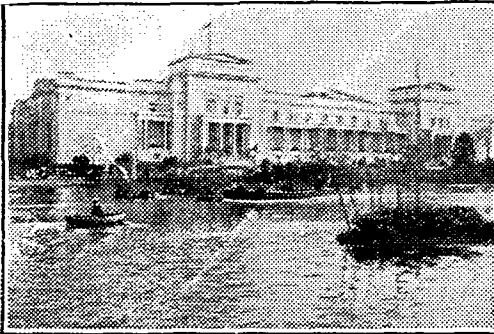
Inside the Indian Courtyard



Entrance to Hong Kong Pavilion



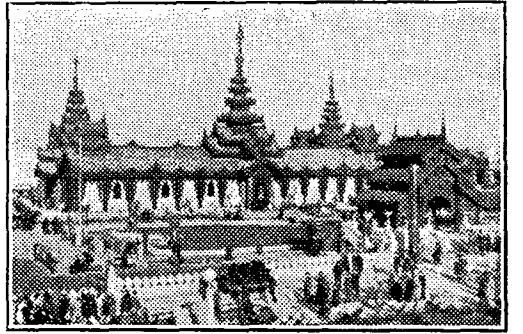
Indian with his Mongoose



General View of the Canada Pavilion



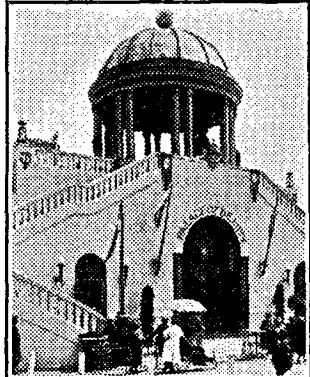
A Bridge over the Lake in the Grounds



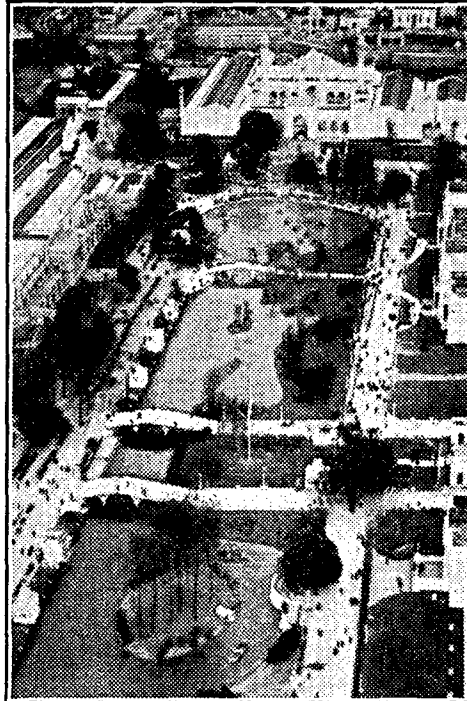
The Burma Pavilion



The East Africa Building



The Palace of Beauty



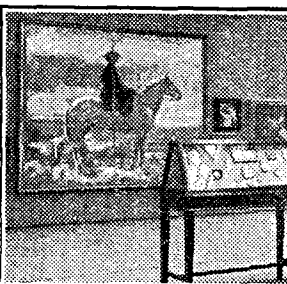
A General View of the Lake and Bridges



The Malaya Pavilion



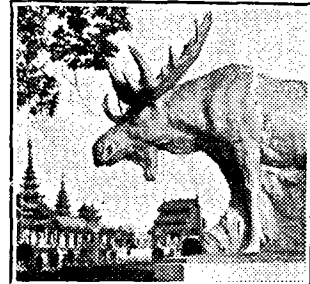
The South Africa Building



Objects in the Palace of Arts



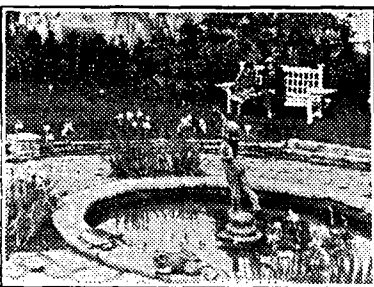
Porch of Government Building



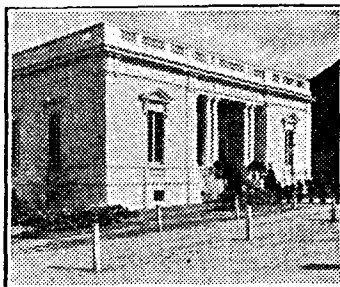
Statue of a Moose



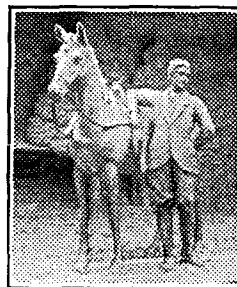
Exhibits in the Palace of Arts



Garden in Front of British Pavilion



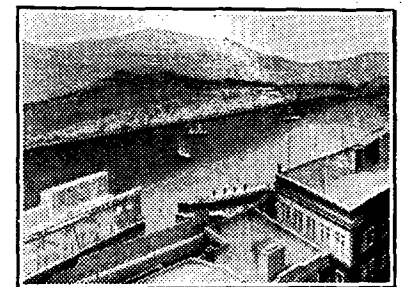
The Newfoundland Pavilion



Prince of Wales in Butter



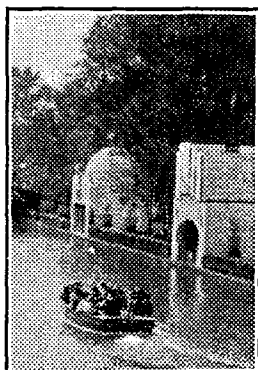
The West Indies Building



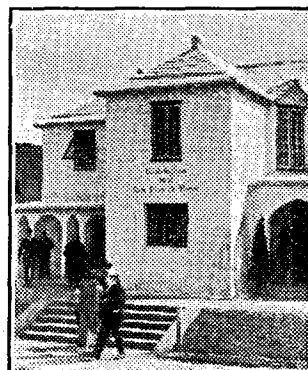
A Model in the Canada Pavilion



In Palace of Arts



Looking up the Lake



The Bermudas Building



Inside the Canada Pavilion



General View of the Lake



The British Lion

THESE PICTURES GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE WONDERFUL VARIETY AND BEAUTY WROUGHT BY THE FIFTY ARCHITECTS OF WEMBLEY

NATIVE SPORTS IN THE SUDAN

FEATS OF TRIBAL SKILL

Weird Music That Has Come Down the Ages

BOY BOXERS AND SPEAR-BEARERS

By Our Khartum Correspondent

A remarkable display of wrestling, boxing, and tribal dancing was given in Khartum the other day by natives of the Nuba hills.

These people are of aboriginal stock, and the men, soldiers in a Sudanese regiment, were fine specimens of a splendidly statured tribe.

The sports arena was formed in part of the small but beautiful Zoological Gardens, notable for their collection of Sudanese animals.

The appearance of the men in paint and towering headdresses, wearing skins of beast and bird, was most striking, and the mad tattoo of spear upon shield, the dull, muttering undertones of tom-toms and war drums, the grunts and honks of deep-chested blacks bounding madly far into the air and sinking to their haunches in attitudes fierce and grotesque, the shuffle and stamp of the dancers, and the strut and swagger of the wrestlers combined to make a lasting impression upon the observer.

The Crown of Honour

The wrestling was interesting to a degree, and the crown of honour, a metal headpiece decked with gorgeously coloured ostrich plumes, was won by an enormous fellow, who, seizing his opponent in a mighty clasp, threw him headlong to the ground. His victory was triumphantly acclaimed by his admiring womenfolk, and he strutted through the crowd with the air of a king.

Here and there the wrestling was relieved by spear-armed parties of boys who engaged in mimic combat. The spear heads were blunted, but woe betide the warrior who allowed his opponent's weapon to pass the protection of his shield. Such, however, was the skill and quickness of the combatants that few, if any, thrusts reached their billet.

The surprise of the afternoon came with the entry of a party of smart, upright lads, hardly in their teens, who strode forth in shorts and singlets, each as fit and hard as nails. They wore boxing-gloves almost as large as their heads, and exchanged many shrewd blows which would have severely rattled less hard-headed fighters. They boxed with surprising science and an entire lack of self-consciousness.

A Tribal Dance

A wonderful afternoon was brought to a close by a tribal dance, in which victor and vanquished, women and boys, joined whole-heartedly. The "music" was provided by a group of performers with headdresses of bull's-horns, each putting his utmost into instruments of wood and bone. Round and round went the dancers, stamping their feet and clapping their hands in unison. Now and then a weird sound would echo forth, when the rhythm would change and signal the beginning of a new measure. Almost hypnotised by the rhythmic blending of sound and movement, one could have watched for hours.

The short Eastern twilight, however, now began to fail, and from the midst of the spell of a bygone age we were suddenly swept back into civilisation by the strains of "God save the King."

WIRELESS AT THE STATION

One of the big telephone manufacturing companies in Belgium is installing loud speakers outside the station at Antwerp, and is to broadcast concerts from various places.

THE HARMONY

15 Men for Labrador

KEEPING UP A GOOD RECORD

When the little 223-ton barque Harmony, the smallest vessel regularly to cross the Atlantic, left London Docks the other day, she had on board Mr. F. G. Thompson, of Blackheath, who is going out to one of the Moravian Mission Stations in Labrador.

Mr. Thompson has sailed twice as the bo'sun of the Harmony's little crew of fifteen, and has been so struck by the life in Labrador and its needs that he and his family are going out there to work among the isolated settlers, the Eskimos, and wandering tribes of Indians. His little boy took with him two kittens from which he would not be parted. There are hardly any cats in Labrador.

Every year for 150 years a vessel called the Harmony has been almost the only link between the stations of the Moravian Mission and the rest of the world. Each summer she takes out from England provisions and goods, and brings back to Newfoundland and London dried fish, oil, and furs.

ONE MAN TO DO THE WORK OF FOUR

The Inventor and the Weavers

The problem of successful mechanical invention which temporarily lessens the amount of work open for men and women seems likely to rise again in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

A hundred years and more ago it was a cause of much bitterness, when labour-saving machinery was throwing thousands out of work, and now, in the same trades, the machinery that was formerly denounced is giving work to hundreds of thousands. But the period of change is very sad for many.

It is said that a quite simple and not expensive invention, which can be adapted to existing machinery in the cotton and wool-weaving districts, will make weaving automatic throughout, increase the production from 20 to 30 per cent, and enable one weaver to do the work of three or four.

This should cheapen the material and benefit the consumer as well as the manufacturer; but the displacement of labour will be a very serious problem, deserving sympathetic management.

PHOLAND IN THE DOCK

How He Began Eating It

The fish that eats bricks is only a shell-fish, but a small destroyer we hear of, a mollusc named Pholand, ate its way into the brickwork of the dry dock at Calcutta, and was only discovered after it had eaten through half an inch.

If it had been left undiscovered it would in time have destroyed the brickwork. The bricks are safe while covered with a glazed surface, but when this decays the Pholand's chance comes.

NATIONS AND BIRDS

Another Washington Conference?

One thing at least has come out of the great National Conference on Outdoor Recreation convened at Washington by President Coolidge.

A resolution was unanimously passed requesting the Department of State to call an international conference to go into the question of systematic protection of migratory wildfowl and insectivorous birds. Secretary Hughes is expected to take action shortly.

FIJI CHIEFS

WHAT THEY BROUGHT THE KING

Islanders Who Have Risen from Cannibalism

ATHLETES OF THE PACIFIC

It is fifty years since the Paramount Chief of the Fiji Islands, named Sacombo, who had been converted from cannibalism to Christianity by James Calvert, ceded the islands to Britain.

Two Fiji Chiefs, Ratu Rabici and Ratu Veli, arrived in England the other day to tell the King how the natives appreciate the benefits of British rule. They brought with them a present of valuable whale's teeth, and these they presented to King George at Buckingham Palace.

When a C.N. correspondent saw them just after their visit they announced that his Majesty had said how glad he was to hear that the people of Fiji were happy and contented. "He chatted with us," they said, "and asked us if we wore in Fiji the clothes we wear in England. We told him No, and that at home we wore loin cloths to the knees, and had bare feet and bare heads."

Football with Bare Feet

Many of the islanders worked in the Labour Battalions in France during the war, and the Chiefs have been accompanied by Ratu Sakuna, Fijian Commissioner to Wembley, who was educated at Oxford. According to Ratu Sakuna the Fijians are great athletes and play excellent games of football—with bare feet! Their cricket is so good that some years ago they sent visiting teams to New Zealand and to Australia.

They are the greatest sailors and swimmers in the world, for Fiji is made up of about 250 islands scattered over an area in the South Pacific about the size of Wales. Our correspondent was told of an Englishman named Wilkinson, whose cutter had been swamped in a hurricane, being held up for 24 hours in the water by one Fijian while another swam a great distance for help. The Englishman died of exposure, and when assistance arrived, 12 hours later, the Fijian was still holding up the body!

Indians in Fiji

Fiji is becoming a great sugar-producing centre, but until recently nearly all the work on the plantations was done by Indians. There are 60,000 Indians now in Fiji, but while we hear in South and East Africa of difficulties between the Indians and natives of the land, the Chiefs state that there is no such trouble in Fiji.

The Indian thinks the Fijians are fine fellows, and the Fijians think the Indians are useful workers, but except in the mission schools the two races do not mix.

The days of cannibalism in Fiji are long past, and all the islanders look upon themselves as Christians. The Chiefs who are now visiting England are Methodists, and one of them, Ratu Veli, is a local preacher. There has been an increase of 3000 in the population during the past ten years, a fact due largely to a very fine native medical service which pays special attention to the care of the children.

A BIG-BUSINESS

Making a Road to Move a Turbine

A huge electric turbine made in Birmingham for the city of Sydney had to be moved from the factory to the railway goods station at Witton the other day, and a special road was made to prevent it sinking through the ground and injuring the gas and water mains.

It took ten hours to complete the journey of a mile, after steel sheets had been laid over the road. A special railway truck had to be built to carry it to Manchester, where it was shipped for Australia.

THREE WORLDS VISIBLE

JUPITER HIDING HIS MOONS

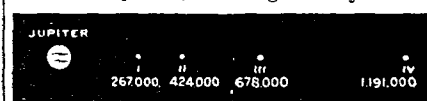
The Light that Travels Through Space

A PUZZLE FOR THE OLD ASTRONOMERS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The evening sky is now full of planetary attractions, with the three famous worlds of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn above us and outshining all the stellar host.

Though Mars, by his rare proximity, is the most popular of the trio of planets, Jupiter is the most in evidence, and probably will by many people be mistaken for Mars. Jupiter is a brilliant object almost due south about 9 p.m., veering toward the south-west later; whereas Mars, somewhat brighter and with a rosy tint, is not generally visible



Relative distances between Jupiter's chief moons

above the trees and houses in the south-east till approaching midnight, though he rises about 10.30 p.m.

On Monday evening next Jupiter will present the somewhat unusual appearance of possessing but two moons, one on each side of his great globe; the third satellite, Ganymede, will then be to the east of him, while Callisto, the fourth satellite, will be to the west.

The other two, Io and Europa, being behind Jupiter, will be hidden from view till 12.31, after midnight, when Io will reappear from behind the east side of Jupiter; six minutes later Europa will also reappear from the same side, the two being very close together.

Though these two satellites will be seen to reappear at the times stated, they will actually have passed from behind Jupiter 39 minutes before; for it has taken their light—reflected sunlight—all that time to get here, owing to Jupiter, and his moons being at present about 435 million miles away.

Sometimes Jupiter is much nearer, in which case these moons would reappear sooner; or, when Jupiter is much farther off, they would reappear several minutes later.

Changing Positions of the Moons

Until the discovery that light took some time to travel through space these varying times in the movements of Jupiter's moons greatly perplexed astronomers. The genius of Roemer, a Danish astronomer, in 1675, explained the true cause, the speed of light accounting exactly for the puzzling discrepancies. But it was over fifty years before his momentous discovery was generally accepted.

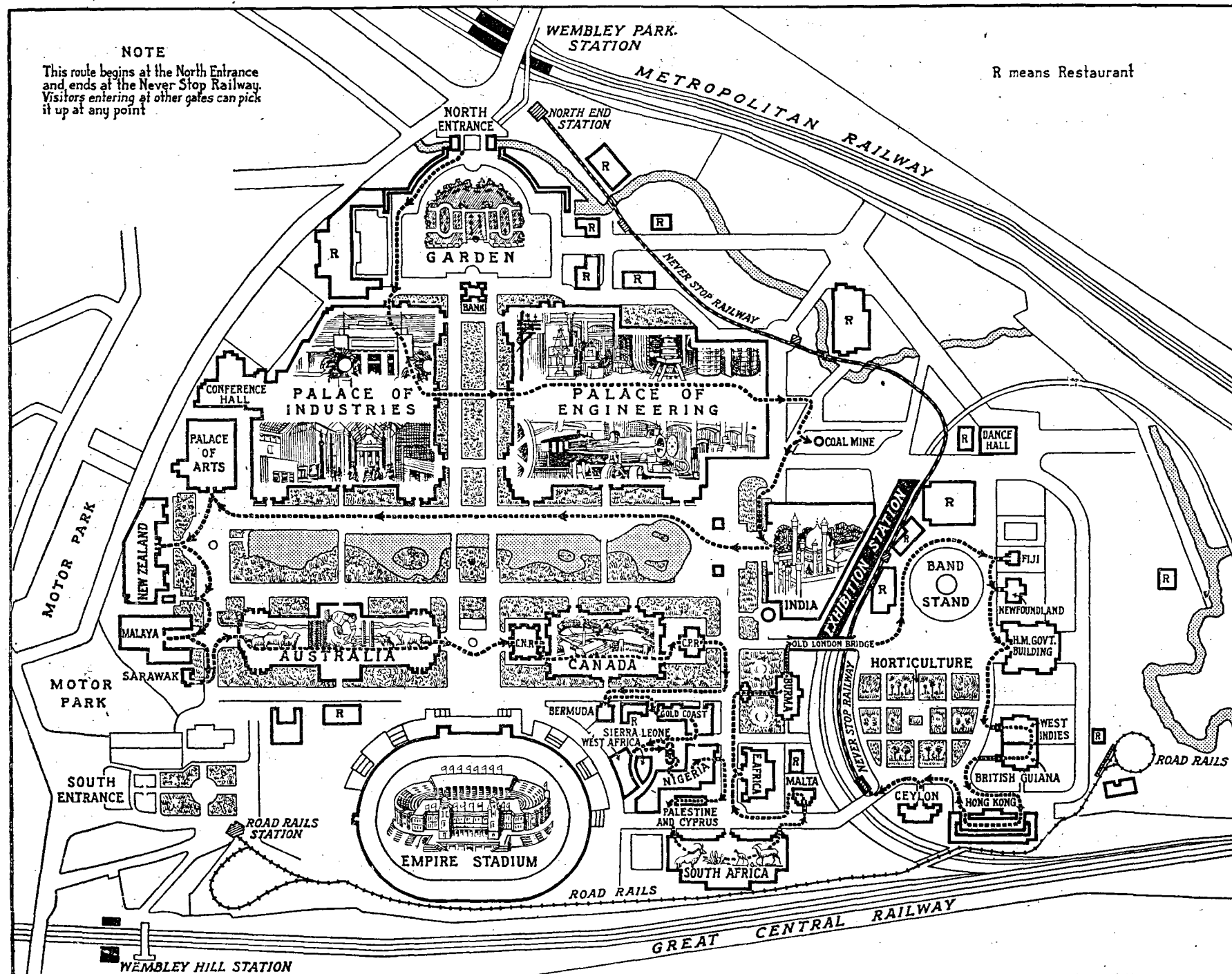
These moons are a source of great interest, chiefly owing to their rapidly changing positions relative to one another, which often becomes quite obvious in a few minutes. Io travels round Jupiter in 1 day 18 hours and 27 minutes, covering 1,610,000 miles in that time. Europa takes 3 days 13 hours and 13 minutes, but has 2,525,000 miles to travel. The third satellite, Ganymede, about three times as far from Jupiter as our Moon is from us, does the journey round its orbit in 7 days 3 hours and 42 minutes; whereas our Moon takes 27 days 7 hours and 43 minutes. Callisto, the fourth satellite, takes 16 days 16 hours and 32 minutes to travel round his immense orbit of 7,100,000 miles.

The remaining five of Jupiter's moons are too small for ordinary telescopes to reveal.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter is in the south, Saturn in the south-west, Mars in the south-east, Mercury in the west. Venus is in the east in the morning.

THE C.N. WAY THROUGH THE BRITISH EMPIRE'S SHOP WINDOW



Wembley stands on 240 acres. 300,000 people can move about easily in the grounds, and 30,000 can sit in the restaurants. The lake stretching from New Zealand to Canada holds 2,500,000 gallons of water. Three million electric lights are turned on at night. Fifteen million cubic feet of timber were used in building the exhibition, and 1,500,000 tons of earth were moved. The Canada and Australia pavilions would reach from Charing Cross railway bridge to Westminster—that is, from the ugliest thing in London to the loveliest spot an Englishman can stand upon.

A JUNK'S LONG JOURNEY China to New York

New York Harbour entertained a very strange visitor the other day.

The first Chinese junk to sail down the Atlantic coast cast anchor there after a 15,000-mile journey from Amoy in China. It was manned by Captain Ward, a Dutch-Canadian, his Chinese wife, and their 12-year-old son.

The voyage across the Pacific to Vancouver took 87 days and was most exciting. They were attacked by Chinese pirates, lost their rudder, and were very often in danger of their lives.

The craft is 53 feet long and 18 feet wide, and it draws four feet of water. Captain Ward is now contemplating a trip to Europe via the Azores.

A HOME OF LONG AGO Old Things Found in Birmingham

The heart of a shopping centre in Birmingham would seem about the last place in which to look for Queen Anne relics, but some have been found during the demolition of small shops.

They are in a fine state of preservation, too. The finds include an exquisitely carved Queen Anne mantelpiece and several fire-grates of the same period. It is believed that hundreds of years ago a farm stood on this spot.

SEARCH FOR THE LOST ATLANTIS

A Two Years Expedition

An expedition of sixteen men, presided over by Professor George F. Simmons, formerly of Texas State University, is now on its way to search for the lost continent of Atlantis.

This continent, referred to by Plato and other ancient writers, is said to have once existed in the Atlantic, but to have disappeared in a great convulsion of Nature. Whether such a continent ever existed during man's life on the Earth is a matter of much difference of opinion, but the expedition hopes to solve the problem.

Forty-five islands, off the beaten track of ocean steamers, will be visited.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Pair of Chinese Ming bottles . . .	£6720
Painting by Van Dyck . . .	£3150
Louis XVI commode . . .	£2782
12 William and Mary chairs . . .	£2677
Pair of Worcester vases . . .	£1575
Gray's Elegy, 1st edition . . .	£1550
Pickwick Papers, 1st edition . . .	£1400
1st edition Burns's poems . . .	£560
1st edition Paradise Lost . . .	£555
The Vicar of Wakefield, 1st ed. . .	£480
Robinson Crusoe, 1st edition . . .	£420
Letter of Carlyle . . .	£102

1000 THUNDERSTORMS Always Going on Somewhere

A thousand thunderstorms are always in progress around the Earth's surface, said Dr. Appleton the other day at the Royal Institution.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether atmospheric discharges of electricity due to thunderstorms could really be the cause of all the stray currents which interfere so much with wireless, but with a continual thunderstorm in various parts of the Earth. Dr. Appleton argues that such is the case.

Atmospheric discharges last only a thousandth of a second, but are often 10,000 times as powerful as a wireless signal.

KEEPING THE FLIES OUT An Invisible Door

An idea which we believe the C.N. suggested long ago is being carried out in the tropics, where a new kind of invisible door is being used to prevent flies from entering public buildings.

No kind of screen so far invented is proof against flies and mosquitoes, so an open doorway has been devised with slits in the framework on each side, through which powerful currents of air are pumped by electric fans. People can readily pass to and fro through this air barrier, but insects cannot, and the door is a success in tropical lands.

TOO GOOD TO LOSE A City and Its Theatre

Birmingham was a very much poorer city when Mr. Barry Jackson closed the doors of its famous Repertory Theatre, and took his company of players to London, where they have been delighting great audiences. It was a great pity that Mr. Jackson's venture at Birmingham was not commercially successful. It suffered the fate unfortunately so common to the repertory theatre movement; the enthusiasm and support of a few hundreds of devoted people were not sufficient to make the plays profitable.

It was feared that the theatre would be permanently closed, and perhaps turned into a cinema, but the Birmingham Civic Society has taken the lead in a campaign, in which many local organisations have joined, to secure the reopening of the theatre. They have happily succeeded, and now all lovers of good drama in the Midlands are gladdened by the news that in September Mr. Jackson will reopen the theatre for a twelve weeks' season with an excellent list of plays.

By a system of advanced booking the organisers of the campaign have guaranteed support, and there are signs now that Birmingham people have decided that their Repertory Theatre, which won fame here, in America, and on the Continent by the wonderful plays it produced, is too good a thing to lose.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 26 1924

The Game

The Olympic Games have come and gone. What we remember most clearly of them is a thing said by the Archbishop of Paris at the opening service in Notre Dame.

He said that the true sports of today represent in the modern world the knightly chivalry of olden days.

THAT is the central truth of all genuine sport: and it is fine to think that it is put in the forefront of men's minds when the athletes of all the world meet in keen contention.

What is it in the ancient chivalry that stirs us when we recall it? It is that the true knight was pledged to courtesy and fairness. If he went into strife his bearing was noble. He was as gentle and mannerly as he was brave. To him it was a disgrace to win in a wrong way. Far better was it to lose finely than to win meanly.

That is the true spirit of all sport. It carries on the knightly tradition as nothing else does in the common ways of men, apart from the lofty purity of religion.

There were recreant knights in the olden times, and, of course, there are some in this imperfect world who do not understand the spirit of sport, which is to take nothing unfairly from an opponent.

A simple example will show the high morality of the genuine sporting spirit. A keen contest was being played out on the cricket field. Every wicket was very important. A dangerous batsman made a stroke from which the ball just reached a fieldsman, who brought off a brilliant catch close to the ground. Nobody but the fielder could say whether it touched the ground. The spectators applauded the catch. The batsman walked away from his wicket. But the fieldsman knew how he made the catch, and motioned the batsman to go back. That was true sport. The fielder put the game first, and his side second. It was the knightly act of a sound conscience to relinquish that applauded catch.

The Archbishop might have gone farther in his comparison of modern sport with ancient chivalry. Sport is the finer of the two. In nearly all knightly enterprises the hazard of the competitors was death. Gloss it over as we may, the knights of old were chiefly engaged in fighting to the hurt of their fellow men. True sport is not only clean in honour; it is also clean because it brings no harm to others. The prize is purely one of honour, honourably won. Only keep its spirit lofty; in unflinching loyalty to the game, and there is in it an unsoiled nobility.

The athletes of the world owe something to the Archbishop of Paris for raising high before our eyes once more that high ideal, giving sport a truly moral dignity.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Electric Village

WE like the All-electric Village built in Sussex by Mrs. Annabel Dott.

She has designed and erected on a woodland near to East Hoathly, a village of 17 cottages in which comfort and labour-saving are specially studied. The remarkable thing is that the cottages have old-world charm combined with the most modern devices. They are panelled inside and thatched outside, so that they might belong to the eighteenth century, yet they have such an excellent electric power supply that their lighting, washing, cooking, ironing, refrigerating, and kettle-boiling are all electric.

That is the way to bring happiness to our people. Beauty and comfort are within our reach if we only will them. But all good things need vision to set them going, and if we do not dream of things we never want them.

The Sure Way

DID anything good come out of the war? Most of us have asked the question.

We like the answer given the other day by one of the men who won the war, General Sir Charles Harington.

The war was won for peace and for good, he said. Three watchwords helped to its success—trust, training, and thoroughness, and one of its lessons for us all was to trust, not only in our commanders, but also in God.

Trust, training, and thoroughness, with faith in God behind them all—can there be a surer way to the victory of Peace than this?

The American and His Money

A COURTEOUS American reader takes the C.N. to task for saying that the ambition of the average American seems to be to become a millionaire.

This imputation our correspondent regards as amusing and annoying. Americans, he says, think less of money than people of other countries think of it, for they are comfortably off, and have no apprehensions for the future.

What the Americans love, says our correspondent, is not money, but doing things. They like to "get there." It is the success of what they are trying to do that interests them. A few may take the idea of being a millionaire as an object of their ambition, but they are very few. To average Americans money comes by the way when they are trying to do something successfully.

We hope our correspondent is right in reading the aim of American ambition. In any case, we are sure of the profound depths of idealism that lie beneath the surface on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Peter Puck, Peacemaker

If I were Monsieur Herriot
I'd say to Fritz, "Hello, hello!
Be friends; shake hands; let hatred
go.
You're Fritz and I am Herriot,
So cheerio!"

A Little Salvationist

GENERAL BOOTH has been dedicating his little grandson to the service of the Salvation Army, and we feel we must pass on what he said so that it may reach little grandsons all over the world. The parents were urged that they must

so far as you can, keep him from all intoxicating drink, tobacco, finery, wealth, hurtful reading, worldly acquaintances, and every influence likely to injure him either in soul or body, and let him see in you an example of what a Salvation Army soldier should be.

We hope the little man will grow up to be as great and noble a power in the world as his ancestors have been.

Tip-Cat

YOU can tell a boy's character by the jokes he laughs at. Especially if he does not laugh at yours.

WHY complain that modern parents do not look after their children? Surely the grown-ups are entitled to look first.

RETIRING employees on one of our railways are usually presented with a piece of plate. That is what keeps the platelayers so busy.

DUKES, it seems, usually live long. They can afford to.

SUGGESTIONS have been made to plant fruit trees by the roadside. But they are not likely to come to fruit.

MOST of the lady M.P.s now sit in the House without hats. No matter, so long as they do not lose their heads.

THERE are five million people in America who can neither read nor write. The mystery to us is that they should all have taken up film-writing.

THE strong, silent man, we are told, is only silent because he does not know what to say. If he were weak he could not even hold his tongue.

The Stillness

COULD anything be more pathetic than this little essay on Life by a boy born in the Russian Revolution?

I have seen eighteen revolutions. Oh, if only one could keep what is good! It would be best to wipe out these years and never remember them again. We were so used to shooting that we got frightened when it was still.

It must be terrible indeed to be born into a noise, and be afraid of stillness.

The Great Antiseptic

THERE is great search just now among the doctors for an antiseptic that will prevent the poisoning of the body. Let us remind them of James Russell Lowell's exclamation concerning Emerson, *What an antiseptic is a pure life!*

Last Thing

The Bird

No wings to fold
Still trembling from a flight,
No pollen gold
To petal-in at night,
No lamb to keep
To leeward, safe by you;
Child, ere you sleep,
What rites are there to do?

The Child

Though child by day,
I turn a bird at night,
Put clothes away,
Shake feathers out for flight.
So far I soar
I reach, past all you birds,
The stars, and more.
My wings are only words.

THE COUNTRY GIRL

Paying Him Out

By a Town Girl on a Farm

THERE were eleven little chicks in the brood. I watched them grow up from tiny primrose balls, and had the pleasure of seeing their absurd attempts to be dignified when they were put on the perch for the first time.

In the course of growing up they were a community to themselves, and their way of dealing justice was most interesting.

One cockerel, who developed bossiness as his down fell off, became to the rest what they call in Scotland a fair trial.

He bullied and pecked, and tried to get the very best of everything. There was always one or another of the smaller ones squirming away from his beak.

Sent to Coventry

The brood bore it till they could bear it no longer. Then, just as his voice was breaking and his tail feathers were sprouting, they decided to act. They closed on him in a body and returned to him with liberal interest the many ills that they had suffered.

Later, I came on the culprit in the shadow of the great barn door, standing alone, his sorry head tucked into a crevice in the wall, his body humped up, every feather a separate protest. No one took the slightest notice of him. I saw that he had been "sent to Coventry."

The next day the ten cheery little pullets had forgiven and forgotten everything, and the tyrant was walking about with a subdued air.

He has never been seen to peck anything, big or little, since.

Still the World is Young

For while a youth is lost in soaring thought,
And while a maid grows sweet and beautiful,
And while a spring-tide coming lights the earth,
And while a child, and while a flower is born,
And while one wrong cries for redress and finds
A soul to answer, still the world is young!
LEWIS MORRIS

RAS TAFFARI HEIR TO ABYSSINIA'S THRONE

One of Our Interesting Neighbours in Africa OLD ETHIOPIA AS IT IS

The visit of Ras Taffari Makonnen, heir to the throne in Abyssinia, has brought nearer to us in imagination the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, and will not only add to our general knowledge of that remote land, but will do good by strengthening the hands of those who would bring Ethiopia farther within the bounds of civilisation.

Ras Taffari is the active ruler of Abyssinia, and he has done his work with energy and good sense. The Empress Judith, his cousin, has left the management of the country in his hands, and he is her chosen successor, for she has no children. He is 32, and she is 48.

Abyssinia's Great Need

One of the great needs of Abyssinia is a clear route to the sea. At present the only railway reaches the sea in French territory. The Heir Apparent is credited with a desire to have a corridor of his own to the sea. This is not an unreasonable desire, for now the country is hemmed in by British, Italian, and French possessions. As Britain has much the longest frontier touching the Ethiopian empire she might suitably regard the national needs of the Abyssinians with sympathy.

The most interesting fact about this isolated land is that its governing race, living in its central regions, is by very ancient tradition Christian. In the earlier centuries of Christianity the faith spread to this inland mountain region, and there it has remained to a large extent isolated. All other Christian Churches may well hold out helping hands to the ancient Coptic Church of Ethiopia. That is the more needful because the outlying parts of Abyssinia are, to a large extent, Mohammedan.

Silent and Dignified

Though Mohammedanism should have fair play, our sympathy should flow naturally to this survival of Christianity.

Ras Taffari has made a very favourable impression in the Christian West as he has toured through it, accompanied by ten princes, governors, and political ministers. In public he has been silent and dignified. But his humane side has been conspicuous whenever he has been where his sympathies could have a natural outlet.

His visit to St. Thomas's Hospital was charming. He went there because his father, when he was in England 20 years ago, went to the hospital. He told his son of it on his return, and the son has not forgotten it. An inscription on the wall of the children's ward was shown to him, recording that his father had presented £100 to the ward. "Money is not worth what it was then," said the Prince. "I will give you £300 to use as you see fit."

Friend of the Children

No institutions are so much needed in the tropics as hospitals, and no doubt Ras Taffari's visit will bear fruit, in years to come, through relief of much suffering that is now unrelieved. In the hospital the Ras, who has five children of his own, made friends at once with the children who were in the wards, and played with them as only an experienced father can. He was equally happy when among the animals in the Zoo, whether they were known to him, like the lions, or strange, like the seals.

He also saw vast tracts of the world in miniature at Wembley. One has a strong feeling that visits like this, from men of great influence who live in remote parts of the world, may have far-reaching good effects, and Ras Taffari will be followed home by sincere good wishes.

THE RIGHT TIME FOR EVERYBODY

ONE of the many advantages broadcast among the British people by the British Broadcasting Company is the right time.

Twice a day the time of day, right to a tick, is sent into 800,000 British homes. Think what that means. There is no excuse for not knowing the time in all those homes. If trains are missed it is more than ever before the fault of the one who misses them.

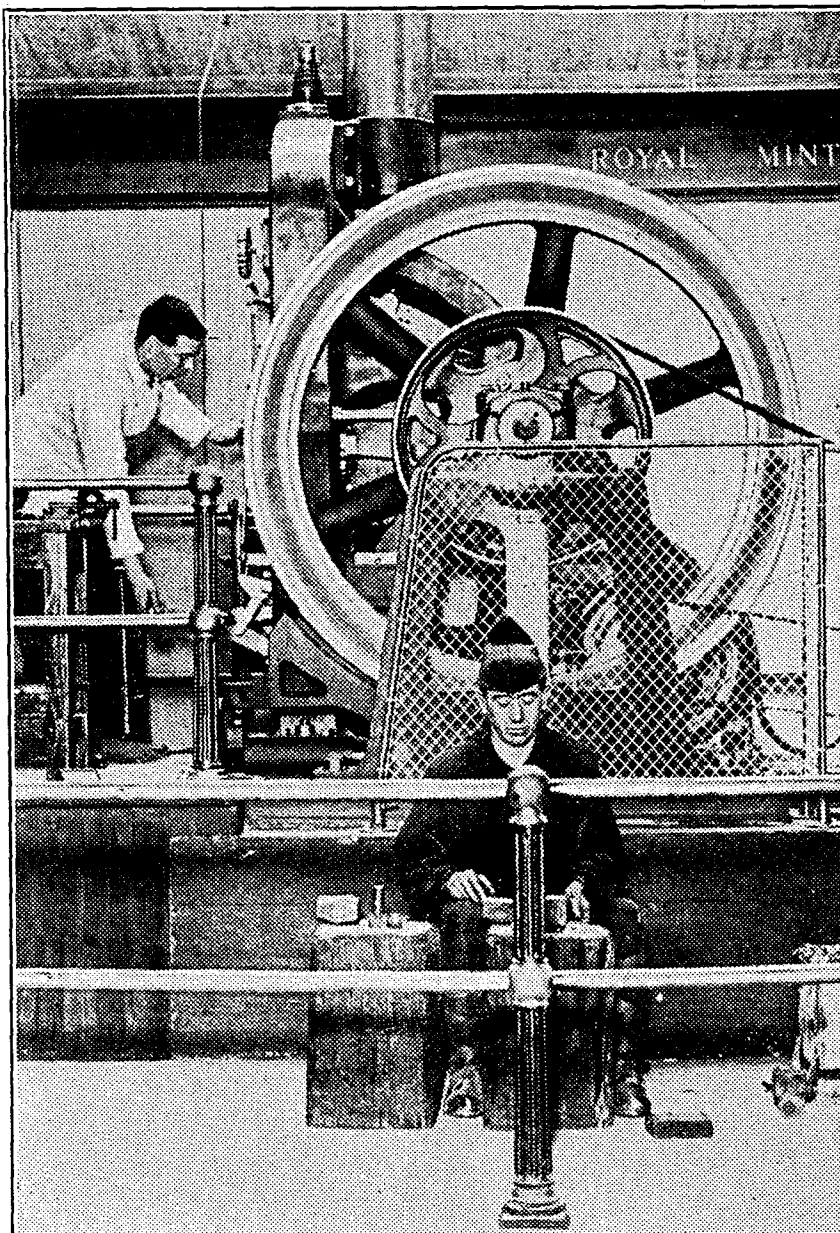
Most of all, the time is sent into the lonely places where knowledge of it heretofore has been at the mercy of more or less deceptive clocks.

Further, the vagaries of town clocks in public places have been exposed. We are all aware when any clock is an impostor. All such clocks wear an

unmistakably bare-faced appearance—the rascals! One outcome of this almost universal knowledge of the right time is that, before long, for very shame, all public clocks will have to be, probably through a universal electrical system, officially controlled.

One effect of the broadcast time-knowledge is that people are getting more exact. If, for example, in a railway compartment a fourth man asks the time, three watches will be brought out, and what the first man says is the time will be corrected by one of the others to the extent of half a minute. And why not? It is a good thing to be trained in exactness, and at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. the British public is, perhaps unconsciously, undergoing that training.

THE MONEY-MAKERS OF WEMBLEY



An interesting exhibit at Wembley is that of the Royal Mint, shown here. We see how money was made by hand in the Middle Ages, and how it is now stamped out at a rapid rate by an up-to-date minting machine

HOUSEKEEPING NEAR THE BANK

THE hawks mentioned in the C.N. not long ago are still in the City; they have taken up their abode a stone's throw from the Bank, and are living on the tower of St Michael's Church, Cornhill. It has been found that they are kestrel hawks. They were first discovered by a Boy Scout.

On the Continent kestrels frequent the towns and cities, and in Paris they may often be seen on and about the Louvre; but it is very unusual for the birds to be found in London. It is to be hoped that this venturesome pair may stay and add to the variety and interest of London's wild life. We may perhaps be able to hear the bird's clear, piercing note, kee-kee-kee, which is unmistakable, though it is not very frequent. The kestrel has been given an evil

name by gamekeepers, but it is a true friend of the farm and the garden. Very rarely does it prey on birds unless driven to do so by the entire absence of other food, but it destroys countless insect pests, and it will clear a district of mice. For such fare it has an enormous appetite, and one specimen had in its crop 79 caterpillars, 24 beetles, a full-grown mouse, and a leech. A kestrel has been seen catching cockchafers on the wing, scores falling to it in the course of an hour or so.

The kestrel may be easily recognised by its habit of hovering motionless in the air. Its wings beat rapidly for a few seconds, become fixed and rigid for a moment or two, and then begin to beat again, the bird meanwhile remaining in the same position, even in the face of a gale. It is a wonderful performance.

DECLINE OF A GREAT CITY Turkish Capital Today

FALLING TRADE AND DESERTED QUAYS

Constantinople, home of two great empires, is in a rapid decline.

The Republican Government first deposed it from the position of capital of Turkey in favour of Angora, and then expelled the Sultan and his family and abolished the Caliphate. These were severe blows, for Sultan and Government had naturally given the city an importance which brought visitors and residents of all sorts whom it can now no longer attract.

On the top of all that came the wholesale expulsion of Greeks and Armenians who carried on the trade of Turkey—most of its business, indeed, of every kind. Turkey's friends foresaw the inevitable result, but the Turks did not. And now it has come. The trade of Constantinople is disappearing. "Every day of the past year (we read) has emptied Constantinople of population, business, and transit trade. The port is hardly alive any longer."

The leading Turkish newspaper says the city is in its death agony. That, it says, is evident from "the high cost of living; the housing crisis, the business stagnation, the innumerable taxes, the idle port, the absence of credit."

The Tortoises

"The issue," it says, "is not in doubt, yet no one does anything. What is the use of empty lamentations at the deserted appearance of the port, at the transit trade going under our very eyes to Greek ports, at our Turkish coal being sold cheaper at the Piraeus than at Constantinople, at our port workers being drawn off to Salonica? Naturally people who turn their backs on the rest of the world and hide in their shells like tortoises cannot expect to be sensitive to such laments. A day will come when laments will cease, and on that day Constantinople will have breathed its last."

It is, indeed, a curious fact that the same Turkish Government which has sought to "Westernise" the country by introducing Parliamentary institutions and manhood suffrage, abolishing the Caliphate, and joining the League of Nations, should also have adopted a system of such extreme nationalism that alien faces and alien tongues are deemed insufferable—a self-sufficiency at which 18th-century China would have marvelled. Will they discover their mistake before it is too late? It is feared not.

FAST IN ICE

Danish Ship's Adventure

Denmark's trade with her one colony, Greenland, is an anxious business owing to the interference of pack ice.

One of her ships, the Teddy, with 24 hands, has been fast in the ice since last summer, and had not been heard of till a Norwegian whaler found her and sent word home through the Norwegian Minister at Copenhagen. Another Danish ship, the Annie, has been missing in the same way and has not yet been heard of.

The Teddy left Copenhagen in June of last year, and in July a strong north-east wind brought up the ice and settled her programme for the ensuing twelve months. Happily, she was well provisioned for the long, dark winter, but there was naturally much anxiety as to her fate.

Trade with Greenland is a State monopoly. Her exports to Denmark amount to only £100,000 a year, and her imports from the mother country to rather less. The whole population is 14,000 odd, and of these only 274 are European—Danes.

Iceland is not a Danish colony. She is a sovereign democracy, but under the same king as Denmark.

THE GREATEST SIGHT IN THE WORLD—WONDERFUL THINGS

Well may we call it the greatest sight in the world. Never before has the world seen anything like Wembley, the Shop Window of the British Empire. We thrill with pride as we look on all these wonders, and remember what they stand for. The mind runs back to Alfred, building up his British fleet;

The Government Pavilion

The Government Pavilion is the heart of the Exhibition. It is small compared with the two great palaces and the Stadium, but it is the finest piece of architecture at Wembley. Like many of the erections, it is built in concrete. The Pavilion owes a good deal of its beauty to the magnificent front, rather classical looking, with its wide sweep of steps, and the six huge guarding lions, also made of concrete. In this building is told the story of what the government of a vast Empire means.

The Empire Map

Wembley is a place of glorious maps and models. The most wonderful map is spread out on the floor of the Government Pavilion. It is a map of the world, modelled to show hills and rivers, and it lies in a real sea. Tiny boats, which represent huge vessels, are continually going and coming on the great trade routes. The land is lighted underneath to show where our Empire is spread out, always somewhere facing the Sun.

The Empire's Little Mother

Another fine model in the Government Pavilion shows the towns, hills, dales, rivers, and seas of Little Treasure Island. In the towns are tiny factories, like matchboxes, and there is an explanation on the moving screen at the back. Lights go up in each group of factories, shining like fireflies on the dark land, as the various industries are mentioned.

A Treasure of Very Old England

On the lower floor of the Government Pavilion there are cases of beautiful goldbeater's work, made by Englishmen. Among the rest there is a lovely, very simple, gold chalice and paten of the 13th century. On the chalice is written in Latin, *Nicholas of Hereford made me*.

The Fleet

The most picturesque room in the Government Pavilion is filled with models of beautiful early ships, showing how the Norman vessels grew into the great floating castles of Elizabeth's days; how the Merchant Service has developed; and how the men-of-war, grim, grey ghosts, go stealing round the world guarding the Empire.

King Alfred's Money Man

In the annexe to the Government Pavilion is one of the machines from the Mint humming smoothly, and turning out finished coins at a terrific rate. In front of it sits a man dressed somewhat as he might have been a thousand years ago, in King Alfred's time, and he is making coins by hand. He cuts the square of silver, chips the corners, files it round, and stamps it.

The Picture Windows

In the darkened passages of the Government Pavilion models are set in the wall and brilliantly lighted. They show how Australian settlers' homes grew; how the Laurentic was sunk in the Irish Sea and how her treasure was recovered by divers; how the men hid in the trenches of Hill 60; how airships skim the blue sky; and many, many other fascinating things.

Old London Bridge

Here is rebuilt the most famous bridge in our history. We pass up the slope and under the archway, and see on either side little shops just as they used to be until the Fire of London burned down Old London Bridge in 1666.

The Jungle

One of the great labours of the Empire is to overcome tropical diseases. In the Government Pavilion there is much dealing with this grand work. We

realise how it is needed when we see the huge, glass-cased jungle scene, showing a tropical camp, with a very sick white man lying on a pallet. Every other leaf is not a leaf—it is an insect! Poisonous life crawls everywhere, hanging in the branches of trees, and lurking in the grasses. The motto of this model is, *There is no wealth but health*.

The Silent Railway

In the side galleries of the Government Pavilion we find a model of the wonderful Post Office Railway, with the trains that are to run under London without a man on board. We may wonder if any mechanism anywhere is more remarkable than this Silent Railway, which is expected soon to be carrying our letters from day to day, from year to year, managing itself as if it were a human being.

The Great Sea Stage

It is said that the water stage of the Admiralty, in the Government Pavilion, is the largest stage in the world. Here we can see the Zeebrugge Fight, and hold our breath as the ships creep across the stage. The defeat of the Spanish Armada is to be shown there, with the gay British ships meeting the heaving castles of Spain.

The Palace of Industry

There are seven main entrances into this very fine concrete building. It is just a little smaller than the Palace of Engineering, and has something of the same grandeur in its design. The square pillars fall in a long colonnade, and the entrance halls are vast and pleasing, reminding us that something useful may also be beautiful.

The Painted Friezes

Before we look at any particular exhibits in the Palace of Industry, we must stand and look down the vista of the interior walls. Great gold columns recur in the long line and continually carry the eye upwards. The Wembley lion stands on a colossal pillar, and again we look up. Then we see that round the upper walls of the buildings are painted lovely friezes in flat, clear colours. The most beautiful are on the walls of the Chemistry Hall, the Nobel Industries, and the Chemical Industries. These colours above the plain walls are a great joy.

The Boxes from the Poles

Standing in the Chemistry Hall, we may look on one of the most thrilling little sights of Wembley. The Chemistry Hall has had £100,000 spent on it, and it has the biggest share of the Palace of Industry; but it has nothing more appealing than the cases of medicine which have been at both the Poles. No one man has been where these boxes have been. One was with Scott, one with Amundsen, and one with Peary.

The Man at the Loom

North of Ireland has an important place in the Palace of Industry. We see Belfast Harbour throwing its long arms out into a real blue sea. Round the corner a man is working a linen loom, reminding us that linen is a rare industry in which Ulster leads the world, is by far the most important element in it. There are a million spindles working in Ulster, weaving in a year a web of linen which could act as a dust-cover to all London, spreading over one hundred million square yards.

The Sound-Proof Rooms

Very interesting are the sound-proof rooms in the Palace of Industry. We can shut ourselves inside and listen to beautiful instruments being played, and not a sound can we hear from the next room. While we are listening, we may remember that Britain is the world's chief producer of musical instruments.

The Potter's Wheel

Tucked away in the Gas corner of the exhibition is a little stall where Mrs. Shuffrey will set her potter's wheel going and make a jar while you wait. The wheel spins and the mass of clay becomes magic. There is a little gas oven where the pots are baked. You may also see the paint put on, making the lovely colour of the finished pottery.

The Solid Steel Door

In the Palace of Industry are the wonderful Chatwood safes, of all sizes and prices from about £7000 downwards. You may walk into a strong room with a huge, circular, terrifying door of solid steel—a door that would take a burglar about four days to get through with his most scientific blow-pipe. And even then he would not open it. Nor would fire burn its way in, nor floods wash their way in. We are here face to face with bewildering perfection.

A Tiny Lovely Thing

Among the hundreds of sights in the Palace of Industry there is a very fascinating one—Yardley's stall of Old English scents. It is a tiny stall, and on a shelf round it are a company of tiny figures, beautifully dressed in silk and lace—ladies in panniers and gentlemen in gay clothes, coaches and chairs. Among them walks the Lavender Girl with her basket, singing.

The Needle-Makers

There is a small exhibit in the Palace of Industry which tells a wonderful story. Visitors to the Great Exhibition in 1851 were much interested in the "rapid" way needles were made. There was a hand machine which cut the eyes slowly and painfully as you watched it. This same hand machine is here, plodding away; and by it is what we call a rapid machine which pours out needles, ready stamped and eyed, faster than we can possibly count.

The Looms and Spindles

Among the finest things in the Palace of Industry are the doorways into the Cotton Hall, and the story told by the looms and spindles. There is a kinematograph which makes it quite clear, and the machines themselves are at work. A girl may see how her frock is made from the raw cotton to the buttonholes.

The Coal Mine

We should all go down the coal mine. There is not far to go, but inside the imitation is a good copy of the real, except for one important thing. The Wembley mine has all the latest coal-cutting machinery, conveyors, and other splendid appliances. It is a coal mine as it should be, and not, unfortunately, as it always is.

The Palace of Arts

One building has been given to the art of the Empire as a whole. The Palace of Arts is close by the Palace of Industry, a very small building compared with the rest. It is the only Exhibition building where admission is not free. Sixpence is charged, and another sixpence to see the Queen's Doll's House, which continues to be the most popular spectacle at Wembley. The money for the Doll's House goes to charities. The Palace is a very fine building, and all the pictures and statues in it are beautifully shown.

The Pictures and Statues

As we walk through the Palace of Arts we get a short glimpse of the different kinds of beautiful pictures and statues being made all over the Empire. Each

room has a different feeling. The Australian, Canadian, African, Indian, all have a stamp of their own, and we feel that this work could not have been done in England.

Queen Elizabeth Plays Chess

The statuary halls in the Palace of Arts are very fine. All kinds of work are clustered together, and after the many colours of other parts of the Exhibition grounds these uncoloured shapes are very restful. One of the loveliest of our own treasures is here—the marvellous bronze group showing Queen Elizabeth and Philip of Spain playing a game of chess with ships.

The Doll's House

The most amazing doll's house ever dreamed of is here, seen daily by great crowds who pass in an unending file around the fairy building. It was designed by Sir Edward Lutyens, and is supposed to represent perfectly, down to the smallest detail, an English house. The greatest artists in England have been at work on this wonderful thing, decorating its walls. The greatest craftsmen have added fairy touches. Great authors have written actual books for its library. There is nothing else like it in the world.

The Five Rooms

A very fine exhibit has been arranged in the Palace of Arts showing the most beautiful furniture of three centuries. We pass into five rooms, one after the other. The first is arranged like the rooms of about 1750; the second is a sitting-room of about the time of Waterloo. The third is in mid-Victorian style, the fourth dates about 1888, when William Morris was influencing our home art. The last shows our rooms.

The Palace of Engineering

Next to the Stadium, this is the greatest building of all; it is the biggest concrete structure in the world. It is six and a half times as big as Trafalgar Square, and very noble in design. Its erection alone is one of the wonders of the Empire, and it is crammed with mechanical wonders which we could look at for a lifetime. The Port Corner of the Palace was designed by the architect of the Port of London building.

The Rocket and its Successor

Stephenson's Rocket stands in the Palace of Engineering side by side with our finest and fastest engine, the Flying Scotsman, L.N.E.R. 4472. Here we can see what less than a hundred years (so short in the world's history) has done. If we are lucky we shall see the Scotsman's shining wheels go, a magnificent and awe-inspiring sight. We shall look very affectionately at the copy of the Rocket with its bucket of hot charcoal as a tail light and its signal looking as if it had been made by nursery folk out of cardboard. The Rocket carried nearly a ton of coal and 224 gallons of water to run 9 miles an hour; 4472 carries 8 tons of coal and 5000 gallons of water to take 1200 people 60 miles an hour.

The Engines

Through the glass roof of the Palace of Engineering the light falls on rank upon rank of wonderful engines, on yachts, steamships, divers, aeroplanes, guns. There are about 800 separate shows here. There are five sets of railway lines, and each long avenue branching from the main road has a crane that will carry 25 tons. There are seven locomotives and about 400 kinds of engineering plant. Electric engineering alone covers more space than the biggest market-place in England.

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE IN THE EMPIRE'S SHOP WINDOW

On every continent flies its flag, over 78 nations, colonies, and dependencies; and what these people do, the way they live, the things they make, the struggle they are ever carrying on to conquer Nature or to build up better days, we see at Wembley. We see in a day what a thousand years have made.

The Great Window

It is fitting that the Shop Window of the British Empire should have in it the biggest window in the world. This colossal piece of plate-glass, standing at an entrance to the Palace of Engineering, measures 336 square feet. If it were laid down a dozen couples could dance on it. It had to be brought to Wembley in a monster crate by special lorry. No ordinary goods wagon could take it. There were some terrible minutes when it was thought that this precious freight would not go under the bridges on the roads. There was one arch where you could not have put a match between the crate and the masonry.

Canada

The Canada Pavilion stands side by side with Australia on a raised terrace. The buildings are painted cream and pale grey. We can stand and look at them, with the great Stadium towering beyond, and the magic of Africa and Burma to the left, and it seems as if we have here a picture of the thoughts and ideals that nations have.

The Canadian Room

There is great space in the Canada Pavilion. Everything is done on a huge scale. Fifteen thousand people could sit down there, and twenty-five thousand could stand. There are lighted models in the wall, showing an immense harvest being taken in. We see Canadian towns on the edges of their great lakes, and Vancouver Harbour as it will be in 1930. The most fascinating of the exhibits shows the Rocky Mountains, gorgeous in colour, with real waterfalls.

The Moving Map

The Canadian Pacific Railway has a house to itself. You can walk round the room and see a real train going all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. This model map of the Dominion, electrically lighted, seems to mark the summit of the amazing feats in map and model making at Wembley. It takes us into a magic world.

The Wonderful Spaces

When you walk into the Australia Pavilion you wish you were a farmer and could live in Australia, and grow these marvellous stacks of perfect corn. Then you wish you were a sheep farmer with about a thousand sheep on every ranch. These sheep yield the most wonderful wool in the world. In this building you know that you are being told of a vast and marvellous country, half empty, with mighty sunny spaces. It is all new and fresh and windswept, and it says to us, *Please come and live in me. I have 2,974,581 square miles of land and only 5,634,552 people on it.*

The Old Dutch House

An old Dutch house is the home of the South African exhibit. We pass inside its red-roofed white walls as into the house of a friend. Here we learn how diamonds are washed, what an ostrich paddock looks like, and what kind of beautiful beasts roam the South African veldt. Here are 25 live ostriches, and here the kinema tells all day long the tale of South Africa.

A House of Trees

It is interesting to look at the Newfoundland Pavilion and to know that it is all made of Newfoundland trees, inside and out. Here we see how trees are turned into paper. Some of the finest furs in the world come from Newfoundland, and they are stretched out for the world to see at Wembley. Here, also, we meet the King of Newfoundland, King Cod, and remember that the purest cod liver oil comes from this, our oldest, colony.

The Garden of New Zealand

We know when we are coming to New Zealand because of the wonderful garden of things we have heard of and not seen. Here are the palms, the tea trees, the gum trees, the tree ferns, and 20 giant cabbage trees.

The story of New Zealand begins as we pass through those very dignified portals. We learn all about it, the islands it rules (on one of which R. L. S. lived), its history, its splendid industries. We feel that here is a people who have ideals.

The Maori House

South Kensington has lent to Wembley its real Maori Carved House. The Maoris are the original people of New Zealand, and we feel, as we step over the threshold, that we are in the presence of a very ancient civilisation. The carvings on post after post tell their own story in an art that is strange and sombre and hauntingly human under its grotesque forms.

The Fiji House

Among the smaller buildings we must not forget Fiji. The interior is very striking and individual, unlike any other. The walls are covered with Fiji paper, which is made from the bark of the mulberry tree and painted by the Fiji women. The only colours are pale grey and brownish black. The patterns are all geometric, angles and straight lines. This room, after the gorgeousness of Eastern pavilions, is very delightful.

The Jolly Canoe

The Fiji house is full of simple peasant things, native dresses and weapons, all sorts of mats made of coconut fibre, tortoiseshell work, coral, basketry. In one case are the famous four-pronged cannibal forks—a remnant of the days when Fijians were not polite. The finest things in the room are two models of home-made canoes, with rush mat sails, very curiously built. There is never a nail put into a Fiji canoe. Everything is done with knots.

The White Walls of India

The gleaming white walls of the India Pavilion seem like a fantastic dream. We look at the courtyard, with its fountains and trees and curiously-shaped arches. We look at the building beyond, and we know we have seen something like it before. It reminds us of the exquisite Taj Mahal, the most perfect tomb in the world, which Shah Jehan built in 1628 for his lovely wife, Mumtaz Mahal. The seventeenth century was the time of the great architecture of India, and after Wembley we can never forget what it looked like.

The Carved Door

Inside the white walls of the India Pavilion is a mass of Eastern colour. Work from all the Indian provinces is here shown in great variety. Among the finest things is a carved door in the Madras section. It is complete, lintels and all, and is as Indian in spirit as the courtyard outside. The Eastern craftsman was never content until he had carved over every inch of his wood.

The Burma Pavilion

All the exhibits of the far-away countries are fascinating to us, and most particularly Burma. As we approach this amazing pavilion we feel we are in the presence of an ancient and very wonderful civilisation. The building reminds us of pictures we have seen of the pagodas of the Far East. Just to stand and look at it is to receive a great lesson. Countless bells tinkle from the gilded spires of the building, and lure us in.

The Buddha Shrine

To the left of the entrance is a little open hut, a mass of carving like all the rest of the Burma building. It contains

We see this little model with a mighty heart. We see, crammed into one great space, the pocket edition of the British Empire, with wonder piled on wonder, with a myriad things that cry to us, "Please stop and look at me," every one with a tale to tell, every one with a pride of its own. Here we pick out just a few.

a shrine of Buddha. The figure is a copy of a famous statue and has a beautiful peaceful face. The throne is set in glittering coloured glasses, which in the real shrine are great jewels. At one corner sits a fakir, cross-legged. He does nothing all his life but meditate and pray. At another is a pilgrim, worn out by walking. The Burmese treasure shrines like these very much.

The Monsters at the Door

Just before the door of the Burma Pavilion are two huge monsters unlike anything we have seen before. They are painted in cheerful colours and look very friendly. Behind them are columns studded with scraps of mirror and imitation jewels. Behind these is the magnificent carving of the entrance doors, rich beyond words, all done in Mandalay and Rangoon by the best native craftsmen. If we have time for nothing else, we should walk up to these doors and back again.

Solomon's Temple

A little white-domed building nestles under the shadow of the African pavilions. It is Palestine, and among the most interesting exhibits is a model of Solomon's Temple. We can see how wonderfully it was built.

The Great Stadium

This colossal building is in itself the most magnificent spectacle at Wembley. It is the largest arena in the world, half as big again as the famous Colosseum at Rome, and its 40 miles of seats hold 125,000 people. It runs in a great circular sweep of walls, towers, and steps around a grassy arena that is open to the sky. Its concrete arches are very graceful. From the Post Office here was sent the King's telegram, which travelled round the world in eighty seconds on the opening day.

The Horseman of the Desert

The Nigeria Compound inside the red walls makes a thrilling tale. Earthworks divide the sections. All the things that make Nigeria home to its peoples are here. In one of the red-walled alleys is a mounted Emir of the Western Sudan. Horse and man are very gorgeous in appearance. We imagine what this dark, proud prince would look like leading a company of horsemen across the African desert.

The Senaar Dam

Suddenly, among these quaint and picturesque East African scenes we come upon a gigantic work of British genius. This is the Senaar Dam, which is being laid across the Blue Nile, 170 miles south of Khartum.

The object of the dam is to catch the Nile in flood and fling it over about 300,000 acres of land so that cotton can be grown there. The mass of water thus caught up every year to help the world's work is 140,000 million gallons. The dam is nearly two miles long. It will form a great lake of Blue Nile water 50 miles long and two miles wide. This water will be spread by 3697 miles of canals and 5589 miles of field channels. There are four models of this amazing engineering feat. We can see exactly what is going to happen. Everything is shown, even the African desert itself.

The Malaya Pavilion

We see the Malaya Pavilion from afar, with its dome and minarets of Moorish architecture. The decoration is in red, yellow, and black. Peeping in and out of the designs is the Malayan kris, a weapon figuring in many adventure stories. Just before the entrance is the statue of Sir Stamford Raffles, who established the port of Singapore in 1819. Inside, among the arts, crafts, and industries of the people, there is a general

feeling that a show consisting largely of useful things has contrived to take on the air and colour of a native settlement.

The Models of Malaya

There are some tiny models in the Malaya Pavilion, and they seem all the more tiny if we have just come from the Canada building. Each is a small peep-show, and we see them in turn. The most fascinating is the Kuala Lumpur Mosque, seen by moonlight through a horseshoe arch. The colours grow and change as we look at them, and we expect to see a real moon go climbing up the sky.

The Johore Causeway

One of the most interesting little models is in Malaya, showing once more how man can fight with the forces of Nature. The model shows the great Johore Causeway linking the island of Singapore with the mainland.

The African Carpet Men

The most wonderful mats and plaited work in the world are made by Wembley's East African peasants. The baskets, lovely in colour and shape, make us feel that, with all our machinery and inventions and clever doings, we cannot approach the genius of these unschooled savage peoples. They are worth an exhibition in themselves.

The African Manufacturers

Within the grounds of the West African red-walled fortress are some curious and wonderful things. A row of sheds is set out in the open, and there we can see natives at work, weaving, working leather, carving calabashes, embroidering, doing metal work, just as if they were in their own villages. Among them is a little African princess, very quiet and shy, and with a horror of being photographed. These people are making things that we want. In the next shed is a kind of hardware stall, showing the things they want.

The Little Black Figures

Tucked away beneath the shadow of the Stadium rises a town of mud, standing for the walled city of Zaria. Inside is a big group of little models of an African King's Palace. There are his Councillors and his fighting men; and the skull-faced witch-doctors; and the coal-black king's women and slaves. They are strangely carved, like no sculpture that we know, yet so wonderfully real that they seem more alive than the two weavers who sit near them all day long, scarcely moving except to click their bobbins. This carved throng of black figures conveys the very spirit of the savage feast, the dark forests, and the river stealing through the jungle.

The Sapphire Bead

There is a sapphire bead inlaid with ivory 2000 years old in the Sarawak Pavilion. The building itself imitates the palace of the Rajah, and inside is the model of another building—a Dyak Long House, showing what the homes of the people are like. The Long House buildings are roofed with palm leaves, and from 60 to 70 families live in each.

The Trajan Alphabet

Why is it the lettering at Wembley is so beautiful? Wherever we look we are struck by the fine, strong, dignified lettering on the buildings. This is because the controller of things of this kind hated the jumble of all sorts of abominations that pass for lettering over some of our shops. He therefore went straight to the finest lettering of the world—the Roman lettering on Trajan's Column. He altered one or two points very slightly, and made an alphabet, a fount, as the printers say, for everyone to use. This is one of the biggest triumphs of Wembley.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 51

David Sees the Fort

THE weary band of settlers looked at the closed gates of Boonesborough in dismay.

"Maybe the Indians have massacred the whole lot of them!" suggested Sam, with a horrified look at Nancy.

"Don't be silly," returned the girl. "In that case they would have burned down the fort as well."

"They may all be away on a hunting expedition," came from Anderson.

"Then it's not so bad for us," returned Mrs. Halifax, "for Rebecca Boone and the other women will still be there, and will let us in."

"I think most probably the gates are merely closed for the night. It is already sunset."

This was Mr. Halifax's more considered opinion, but it was given with a grave face that belied the comfort in the words.

"Such a precaution so early in the evening would seem to show that the Indians are not so friendly as we had hoped."

David, standing close to his father, spoke in a low voice, that the others might not hear.

"That is what I am afraid of," returned Mr. Halifax. "But do not say anything about it."

That his supposition was right was very quickly proved, for at that moment half-a-dozen rifle shots in salute showed that the little party had been seen, and a flag was run up the central flag-staff to bid them welcome.

Then the ponderous gates swung back, and all the inmates of Boonesborough came running joyfully down the slope, two men in the lead. They were Daniel Boone and Colonel Callaway. The colonel, by reason of his military rank and seniority of service, was the nominal head of the little settlement; but Daniel Boone was the real leader in the hearts of the people, one of the greatest and best men in all American history.

To David he had always been a hero and friend, and now as he saw him approach on the other side of the river the boy's heart swelled in greeting.

"Wait there! We'll fetch a raft to bring you across!" shouted the scout from across the river.

David and Sam fired their guns into the air, and the women waved their handkerchiefs in greeting.

A large raft had been fastened to one side of the shallow, placid river, and very soon it was being poled across to the pilgrims.

Rebecca Boone insisted on coming with the men to greet her friends, and, once landed on the other shore, the women embraced and the men shook hands all round. The cattle were driven on the raft, and the packs deposited, and it was poled back across, the women chatting eagerly and the men exchanging experiences.

Once inside the fort the huge gates were shut, and heavy wooden bars pulled across them.

"Does this mean that there is danger from the Indians?" asked David, as he assisted Daniel Boone at this task.

The scout shook his head gravely.

"Things are not going as well as we had hoped," he said. "I am personally convinced that Cornstalk would keep faith with us, whatever happened. But he is growing old. Many of his warriors resent the white man's presence here in their hunting-ground."

"Have there been any attacks?" David asked.

"No; but there have been several quarrels. I believe Blackfish is at the back of it all."

"We have attempted to con-

iliate Blackfish," said David; "for, to do him justice, we have given him reason for his hatred."

David continued, and told the story of his own visit to the Indians' camp, and the fact that Danny was still there.

"Danny's being there is an additional reason for our taking great care how we handle the Indians," said Daniel Boone, when David had finished.

Colonel Callaway and his wife, with Rebecca Boone, had taken the other new arrivals into their homes to rest and sup, but David preferred to inspect the fort and talk with Daniel Boone while the light lasted.

The fort was a rectangular affair built of logs. It contained about thirty houses, all facing inward to a central court, their back walls being part of the defence. The space between the houses was filled in with upright logs. David examined these.

"You see, the fence is about twelve feet tall," explained Daniel Boone. "In building the fort we cut down hundreds of trees, then dug a rectangular trench about six feet deep, and put the logs in it upright and close together, so as to make a fence that the Indians could not possibly knock down."

"What a lot of work for a few men!" marvelled David.

"Yes, it took many weeks and months of work," answered Boone, "and the men became very sick of it. There were crops to be planted and hunting to be done, all much more interesting than this hard daily work at the fort."

"Were the Indians friendly at that time?" asked David.

"Yes, and the men could not see any reason for building so strong a defence," Boone shook his head. "But I know the Indians. They keep their own word, but they do not always keep another man's word, even if that man is their chief."

"Why did you build the roofs of the houses all slanting inward?" asked David.

"So that in case of a siege a man could lie flat on the roof and fire over the top without so much danger of being hit," answered Boone. He gave David his hand, and the boy jumped easily on the roof of the cabin beside which they stood.

"When the Indians besiege a town," continued the scout, "they fire burning arrows on to the roofs of the houses. With the roofs slanting inward, these can mostly be extinguished, by the children if necessary, without exposure."

David leaped down again and looked about him admiringly. It was a snug little fort, and he thrilled to be at home there.

"I reckon we could put up a pretty good fight if the Indians did attack us!" he said. "I hope they don't, but if they do, and we stand them off, it will be thanks to your foresight in putting up this fort, Mr. Boone."

Daniel Boone put his hand on the young man's shoulder, a gesture of affection rare with him.

"You're going to be my right-hand man, Dave," he said, briefly. "Now let's go and see how your father and the others are. My wife will be calling us in to supper."

CHAPTER 52

Danny Goes Beaver Hunting

DANNY by this time had become, in his own eyes at least, a real Red Indian. Each day his skin became more deeply tanned, and he learned to speak the Shawnee dialect with great fluency.

Eagle Feather was a splendid comrade, and Danny had loved Flying Bird and Cornstalk from the first moment he had seen them. But Blackfish was an ogre,

the fly in the ointment of Danny's happy and adventurous days.

The tall chieftain had conceived a great affection for Danny. He showed it in ways that made the boy's life a misery. Every few days Danny was ordered to fast from sun to sun. He was made to break the ice in the river and swim beneath it from one blow-hole to another. He had to go about half naked in the icy winds and endure long marches with the grown warriors—all this because Blackfish loved him and wanted him to grow to be a strong warrior of great endurance.

Danny loathed such ordeals, for he hated physical discomfort, being more than a little lazy by nature. He would have rebelled, but he dare not.

There were compensations, however. One day Eagle Feather came to him.

"We are going on a beaver hunt," he said. "You are to come too."

"Am I really?" cried Danny, delighted. "I'll get my gun."

"No, no gun!" said the Indian boy. "Beavers are better caught with the hands and with traps. The smell of gunpowder in their country would drive them all away."

It was a long tramp of many days' duration before the Indians, with Danny, came to the mountains where the beavers were to be found.

Beavers, as everyone knows, live in conical-shaped "houses," with the entrance under water. They live often in little communities, gnawing down large trees to dam a river that is not naturally the right depth for their purpose. Leading to the houses, which are made of mud plastered down with the beavers' flat tails, there are cleverly made "washes," dug along the river bank, like secret passages in a medieval castle.

"You must break in the tops of the houses," explained Eagle Feather, when they had come to a beaver village, "and when the beaver runs out of it into the river passage, you must slip your hand in after him and pull him out."

Danny nodded. It sounded simple. The mud roof of the first house crashed in with a blow from a piece of wood.

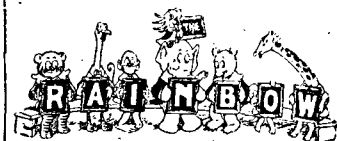
Inside, Danny saw a large fat beaver look up with a comical expression of surprise, then turn and scuttle for the exit. Danny grabbed at him.

The next thing that happened was a loud shriek from Danny, who occupied the next few seconds hopping round with his hand in his mouth.

"Jiminy crickets! Howling rat-tailed frogs!"

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Eagle Feather looked at him astonished.

"You let him go?" asked the Indian boy.

"Of course I let him go!" cried Danny, reproachfully. "He most bit my hand off!"

"That was no reason," returned the Indian, calmly. "Now you have frightened the others. We will have to leave them and come back when they have forgotten us."

Danny felt decidedly crestfallen as he followed his friend. Eagle Feather only laughed at his discomfort, however, and they went off to look for hibernating bears, killing only the male bears.

Several weeks were spent in these sports, at which Danny grew to be quite an adept. But at last the winter became so severe that Eagle Feather, who was in charge of the hunting party, suggested they should return.

CHAPTER 53

Council of War

IMMEDIATELY on arriving back in the Indians' camp, Danny realised that something had happened in his absence. A war post had been set up in front of the council house, and round it several hundred young men danced.

Women sat in a circle round the dancers, and patted the war drums, crooning a strange, wild tune.

"Eagle Feather" cried Danny, clutching his friend's arm, "What does this mean?"

The Indian turned to him an anxious face.

"I know not, little brother," he replied. "Come with me to the council house."

The two boys ran together to the great hall. As chiefs' sons they were allowed there, where usually only the old men sat.

Danny's advent, however, was noticed. An old warrior sprang up fiercely.

"What does the white boy here?" he challenged.

Blackfish rose no less fiercely.

"The boy is not white, but Indian. The son of Blackfish shall remain!"

The chieftain glared defiantly about the hall. There were growls of protest, but no warrior rose to meet that glare. So Danny remained.

After a few moments' silence, a fiercely-painted warrior rose. He held in his hand a number of belts of wampum, black and white. He began a speech, and for each point he wished to be remembered he solemnly presented Cornstalk with one of the wampum belts.

"Cornstalk! The white man does not keep the peace he made. He has attacked and burned a village on the other side of the hills. Shawnee warriors, women, and children are dead at his hands. The Shawnee ghosts cry round us for revenge."

"Cornstalk! The white man kills more game than he can eat and leaves it rotting on the plain. The sound of his gun drives away the Indians' food."

"Cornstalk! The white man comes in ever-increasing numbers, saying that his god has given him this land out of the Indians' hands."

"Cornstalk! Shall we turn our weapons against ourselves lest we starve, or shall we turn our weapons against the white man and fight for what is ours?"

"Cornstalk! I have spoken."

There was the sound of clashing arms and of fierce cries from the warriors in applause of this speech. Only Cornstalk himself sat silent, with grave, sorrowful face.

Danny, for his part, was tense with horror. It was clear enough to him now what these dancing warriors outside the council house meant. They meant a mass attack of Indians against the whites.

One thought rose above the confusion in Danny's mind. He must escape now, at once, and go to warn his people of their danger.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Literary Premier

It is not often that a man distinguishes himself in both literature and statesmanship, especially when he has been destined for quite another profession, yet this happened in the case of one who was himself the son of a distinguished man of letters.

Born in London in the year of Nelson's great victory at Trafalgar, he was educated privately, and his father proposed to make him a lawyer, but he showed such a taste for literature that his father allowed him to follow his bent, and when he was 22 he published his first novel, which took the town by storm. Soon afterwards he set out on a tour in the Levant.

Returning a year or two later he decided to take up a political career and put up for Parliament. But failing to gain a seat he continued his literary labours.

Soon after he won a seat, and when making his maiden speech his appearance and style were so eccentric that roars of laughter greeted him, and he sat down amid a torrent of ridicule, but not before he had made a declaration that was prophetic and has become historic: "The time will come when you will hear me."

He introduced a new spirit into his party, and in order to enforce his political and social theories wrote and published two more novels which are still much read. They created a very great stir and had a considerable influence on the politics of the country.

Only eleven years after he first entered Parliament he became the leader of his party in the House of Commons and held the post unchallenged for nearly a quarter of a century.

Marrying a well-to-do widow, he bought an estate in Buckinghamshire, and became the recognised leader of the country gentry of England. His power and influence increased, and in 1874 he became Prime Minister.

But he was now nearly seventy. The work of the House of Commons became too heavy for him, and after three years he was made an earl and retired to the House of Lords. Among notable events during his administration was the purchase of the Suez Canal shares which gave England control of that great waterway, and the famous Treaty of Berlin, from which capital, in the phrase of the day, he returned "bringing back peace with honour."

His health was now failing, and when 76 years old he died, the day being kept by his party



ever since as an anniversary on which a flower, said to have been his favourite, though it is doubtful if such was the case, is worn by his admirers. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



The Far-off Hills are Dotted White with Sheep



Dr. MERRYMAN

"WELL, sonny," said the doctor genially, "what do you think of the medicine I sent you yesterday?"

"I am not thinking about it, doctor," replied the small boy; "I am trying to forget it."

His Perilous Perch

AN elephant woke with a scream, For he'd just had a terrible dream.

"I thought," shuddered he, "I was perched on a tree, On a branch not as thick as a beam!"

Is Your Name Marston?

MARSTON means mere-stone, or boundary stone, mere being the medieval word for a boundary.

No doubt the ancestor of the Marstons lived near an ancient boundary stone and came to be known as so-and-so near the mere stone and then Mere-stone, changed in course of time to Marston, became a surname.

WHAT is it we often tell others to do but cannot do ourselves? Stop a minute.

A Useless Head



THE man who shut the window down, And left his head outside, Did not display intelligence, It cannot be denied.

What Am I?

MY first is in mumble and also in moan,
My second's in borrow and also in own,
My third is in tearing and also in tore,
My fourth is in boat-hook and also in oar,
My fifth is in stretching and also in reach,
My sixth is in cliff-top and also in beach,
My seventh's in batting and also in ball,
My eighth is in clamber and also in crawl,
My whole you will see in the country or city,
When I travel too fast it's more than a pity.

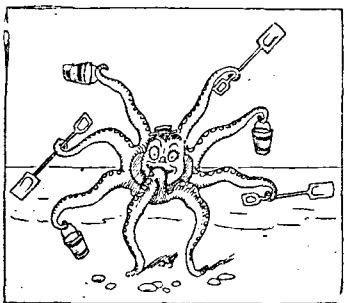
Answer next week

WHAT is the word of eight letters five of which are the same? Assesses.

WHAT is the longest word in the language?

Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

Oliver's Outfit



OLIVER OCTOPUS down by the sea Must have three little spades if quite happy he'd be.

And not only that, for he weeps and he wails

If you do not supply him with three little pails!

"He is greedy," you say. But we answer, "Oh, no!" He has six hands to fill, as our picture will show.

Things That Should be Done

MR. PUCK (Peter Puck's papa) says cabbages should be taken to market in a cab, potatoes in a pot, and carrots in a car. Tom ought to take the tomatoes, and a goose should carry the gooseberries. Strawberries should be packed in straw, and horse-radish should be kept in a stable. Scarlet runners would, of course, run to market.

Young Peter says lettuce hope it will be so, and suggested a turn round the turnips and a short spin around the spinach; and, talking of gardening, said he wondered why you couldn't see the legs of a cabbage that runs to seed.

WHAT bird is half a beast? Pigeon.

Word Changing

FAIR-readers, in my primal state, I'm always very short;
Transposed, all vegetable life from me receive support—
The stately oak, the meaner weed, from me it may be said
Existence have, and yet my own is hanging by a thread;
But if I now am heartless made, behold, my friends, 'tis I
Immortalise the poet's song, or instantly destroy. Answer next week

WHY may carpenters believe that there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Puzzle

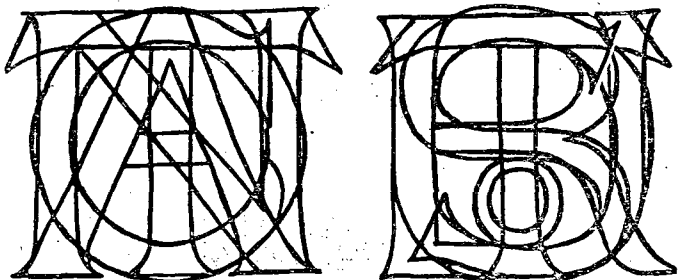
He bought 25 geese at 5s. each, and he meant to ask 6s. 3d. each.

Hidden Birds

Swan, nightingale, partridge, swallow, sparrow, teal, crow, tern.

What Am I? A chair

Monograms of Towns



These two monograms are composed of the letters in the names of two towns in Britain. Can you find out what they are? Solution next week

Jacko Has a Bathe

JACKO wasn't at all fond of bathing. He said you got much too wet.

But everybody bathed at Monkeyville-on-Sea, and he couldn't always be making excuses. Besides, there was Mr. Jacko to be reckoned with. He said everybody ought to know how to swim, and that the sooner Jacko learned the better. It was as easy as walking when you knew how.

"I can't raise sixpence for the bathing machine," said Jacko one morning when the sea looked extra-specially cold. He thought it a splendid excuse.

But Mr. Jacko was unusually generous that day. He dived in his pocket and found a sixpence.

"Here you are, my boy," he said. And he told Adolphus to go with Jacko and give him a swimming lesson.

There was no getting out of it. Jacko trotted along beside Adolphus wishing he had never come to Monkeyville-on-Sea.

He even went so far as to try to lose the sixpence! But his luck was out; when he dropped it on the beach somebody picked it up and ran after him with it!

"Coo! I'm for it," he said, looking at the sea.

The very sight of the waves made him cold all down his back.

The bathing-machine man grinned and said it was a splendid day for a bathe.

"Very pleasant for those as likes it," he said, "but a bit chilly to my way of thinking."

That didn't make Jacko any happier. He suggested they should wait till the afternoon, but Adolphus wouldn't hear of it.



Jacko stood and shivered

He bundled Jacko into the nearest bathing-machine, and told him to "look sharp."

Jacko took as long as he possibly could, but at last he was undressed and standing shivering on the steps of the bathing-machine.

"Come on! Jump in!" called out Adolphus, who was already in the water.

That was the last thing Jacko intended to do. He shut his eyes so as not to see the water, and went down the steps gingerly, one by one.

But before he had got very far somebody gave him a violent push, and in he went with a splash. It was Adolphus.

"Ha, ha! How did you like that?" he shouted, as Jacko came up spluttering.

Jacko hadn't liked it at all; in fact, he was very angry. He hated the whole bathe, too. It was very cold, and, though he got on quite well with his swimming, Adolphus didn't help him a bit. He was much too busy showing off.

"Watch me swim on my back," he shouted, when Mr. and Mrs. Jacko came down to the water's edge to see how they were getting on.

But suddenly he began to splash violently, and at last he disappeared under the water altogether. Something had caught hold of his toes. It was Jacko!

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
1924 1923	1924 1923	
London .. 6838.. 7625..	3220.. 3345	
Glasgow .. 2111.. 2093..	1082.. 1132	
Manchester .. 1067.. 1270..	719.. 711	
Dublin .. 891.. 840..	404.. 425	
Belfast .. 725.. 868..	301.. 444	
Edinburgh .. 703.. 723..	414.. 395	
Walsall .. 182.. 188..	69.. 77	
Brighton .. 162.. 182..	111.. 109	
Ipswich .. 112.. 126..	37.. 51	
Aberdare .. 77.. 80..	37.. 40	
Chester .. 76.. 68..	30.. 28	
Bath .. 74.. 89..	32.. 58	

The four weeks are up to June 28, 1924

Ici on Parle Français



La mer Le monarque La fenêtre
Le vaisseau vogue sur la mer bleue
Le monarque est assis sur son trône
Qui a laissé la fenêtre ouverte?



Le mimosa Le tramway La ruelle
Le mimosa fournit un très joli bois
Je me rends à l'école en tramway
Osez-vous passer par cette ruelle?

Tales Before Bedtime

The Lucky Pig

AUNTIE BELLE gave Colin a china pig, and she said it was a lucky pig.

It was pink with black spots; and a tiny slit in its back was the place where you dropped threepenny pieces when you wanted to save th'm up. When you wanted to spend them you just shook the pig, and out they fell.

Colin saved up six, and then he wanted all his money to buy a glass flower-vase for Granny's birthday; but though he shook the pig until his arm ached, only *one* threepenny piece came out, the rest stuck fast inside.

"Well, it isn't a lucky pig at all—it's an *unlucky* pig," cried Colin, "and I wish I hadn't let the nasty thing take care of my money."

He felt so downhearted that he went out to have a peep at the jolly children playing in the garden next door.

Colin longed to know them; they looked so nice and had such good times together, and the eldest boy had a little wooden motor-car, with which they all had the greatest fun.

Colin had longed for a motor-car, as long as he could remember; but he had a scooter, and Daddy said he ought to be satisfied with that.

He put the china pig on the ground and peeped through the gap in the hedge. The children were playing with the little car, and Colin wanted to know them more than ever.

Then he stepped back suddenly right on to his pig, and it broke into three pieces! When Colin picked them up he cut his finger so badly he really couldn't help calling out, "Oh!"

And the next moment the little girl from next door was



Colin shook it hard

peeping through the gap, and when she saw the cut she said: "Do have my hankie for a bandage."

Then the others came, and they invited Colin to creep through the gap, tied up his finger, gave him a ride in the little motor-car, and mended the pig so well that you would never have known it had been broken.

"Why, it's a lucky pig after all," thought Colin. "It has given me back my threepenny pieces and helped me to make friends with the jolly children next door!"

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

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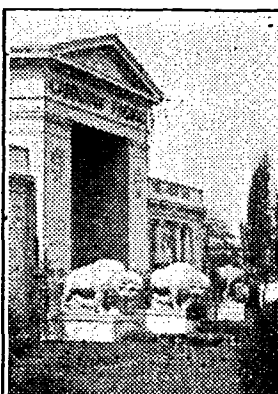
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THE SPLENDID BUILDINGS OF THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION



The Burma Pavilion



Canadian Pacific Building



A Group of Burmese Girls



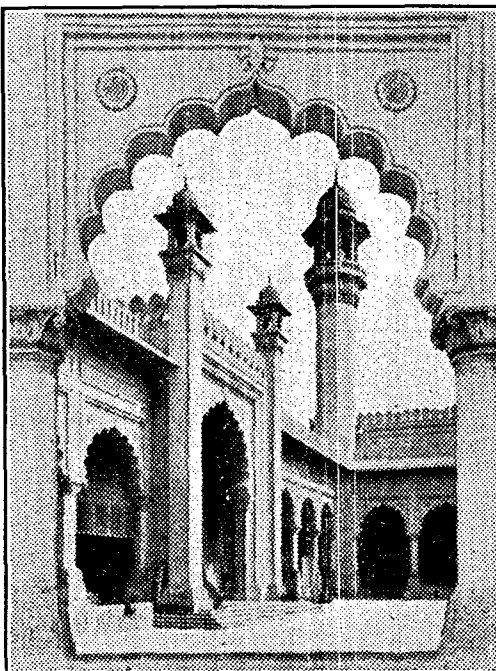
The Fiji Pavilion



Old London Bridge



The Entrance to the Palace of Arts



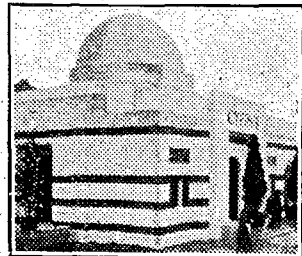
A Peep into the Indian Courtyard



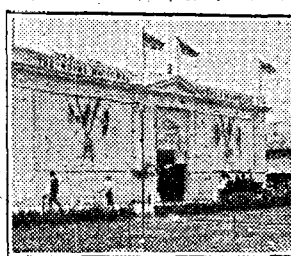
The Entrance to the British Government Pavilion



Inside the Palace of Arts



The Cyprus Building



Royal National Lifeboat Building



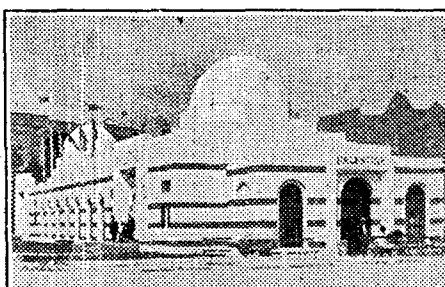
On Old London Bridge



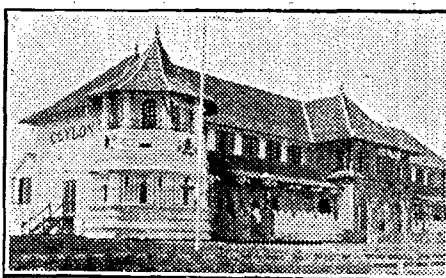
Commonwealth of Australia Building



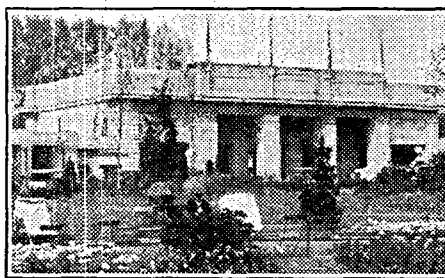
The Palace of Engineering



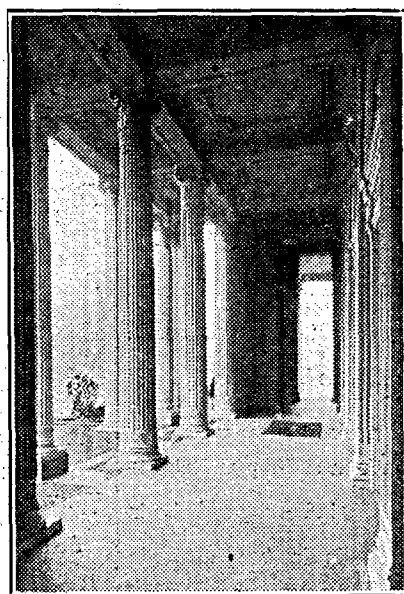
The Palestine Pavilion



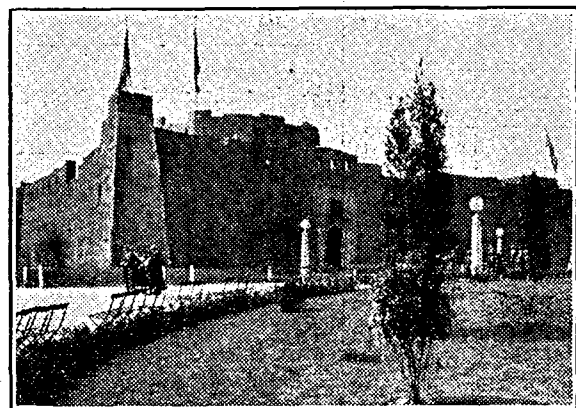
The Ceylon Building



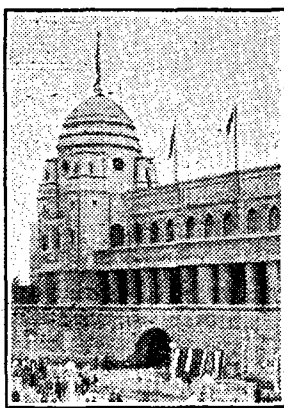
The North-West Entrance



The Porch of the Canada Pavilion



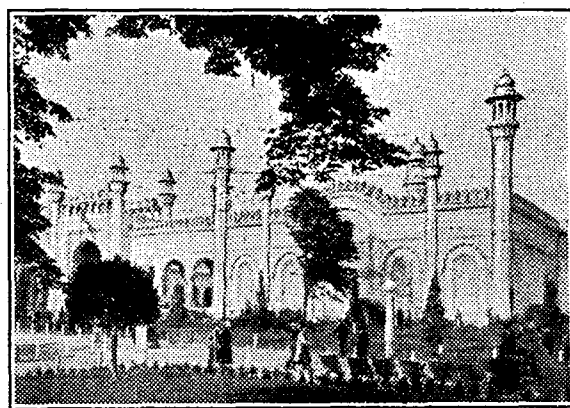
The West Africa Pavilion



Entrance to the Stadium



In the Palace of Arts



A Glimpse of the India Pavilion

THE POSITION OF THESE BUILDINGS AND THOSE SHOWN ON PAGE THREE CAN BE SEEN ON THE C.N. MAP OF WEMBLEY ON PAGE FIVE

WHAT LIFE MAY BE LIKE ON OTHER WORLDS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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